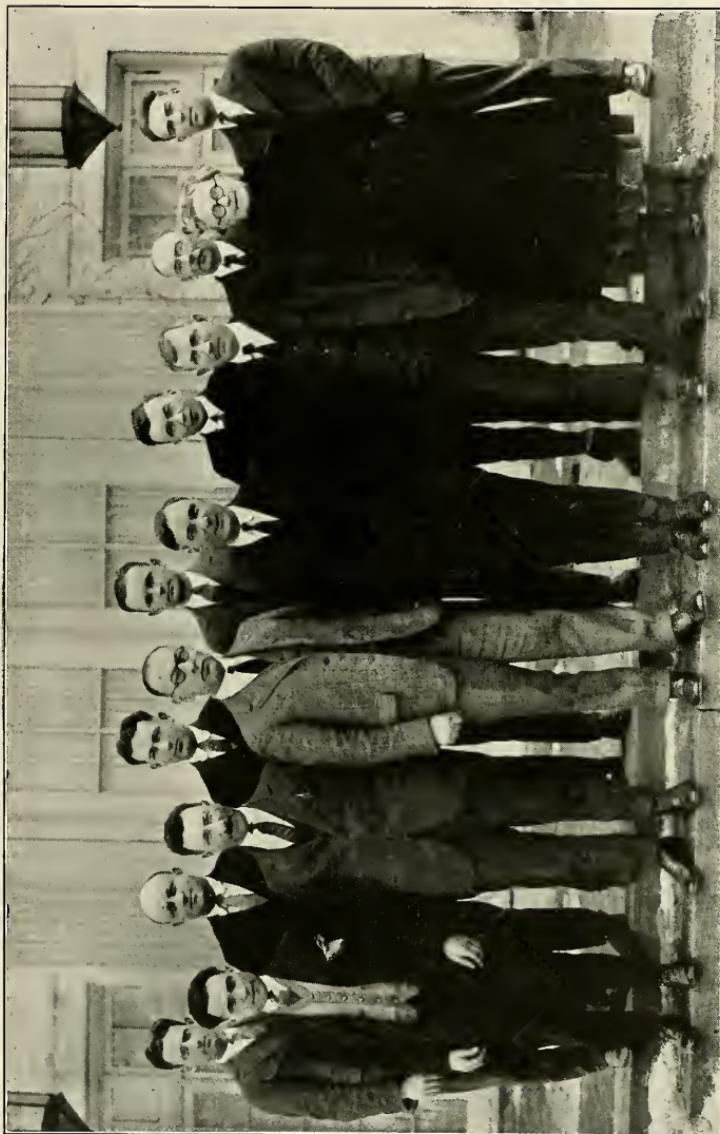


# Blauer

1925



To  
**Mr. Grant Wright**  
Editor and Publisher of  
“The Eastern Dealer”  
whose  
kind interest  
and  
generous help  
has made possible this  
**YEAR BOOK**  
WE  
**THE CLASS of NINETEEN TWENTY-FIVE**  
Dedicate  
This Record of our Life at the  
**NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL**  
As the only tribute  
which  
can best express  
**OUR**  
**DEEP GRATITUDE**



## THE FACULTY

Back Row—Mr. F. H. Plain, Instructor in Charge of Poultry; Mr. O. A. Scangell, Superintendent of Farms; Mr. Walter J. Groman, Instructor in Charge of Farm Machinery; Mr. J. L. Campbell, Business Manager; Mr. Henry Schmieder, Instructor of Biology;

Mr. Frank Laubner, Farm Foreman; Mr. John G. Rogers, Athletic Director

Front Row—Mr. Morris Mayer, Instructor in Charge of Horticulture; Mr. D. M. Purnell, Superintendent of Horticulture; Dr. Berhard Ostrolenk, Director; Mr. W. H. Boswell, Instructor of English; Mr. Wesley Massinger, Instructor of Veterinary Science; Miss Rebecca Churchman, Librarian

# Gleaner

YEARBOOK OF THE CLASS OF  
NINETEEN TWENTY-FIVE

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## Yearbook Staff

H. Rabinowitz .....	{ Editor Salutatorian Class Poet
M. B. Schwartz .....	{ Class Historian "Paul Bunyan"
L. Blumberg .....	{ Valedictorian Class Will
M. M. Cohien.....	Presentation of Hoe
K. B. Mayer.....	Class Prophecy
M. J. Goldstein .....	Personals
A. Finklestein .....	Quotations
Leo Gottlieb.....	Photography

## Salutatory

**M**EMBERS of the Board, Faculty, Friends and Underclassmen:—The class of '25 extends to you all a hearty welcome to their commencement exercises.

We are assembled today for the last time as students of the Farm School. Shortly we will receive our Diplomas and be off. And, as the time draws closer for our departure from this, our home, we cannot but help feeling depressed. True, it is a glorious occasion for us; when after three years of work and study we are about to receive our rewards and go out to begin our own independent lives. But friends—as we realize that we are leaving the school that has for three years fostered and taught us and as we begin to realize that in the space of a couple of hours we will have to part with our dearest friends and companions—we cannot help feeling sad and heartsick, even on this prideful occasion.

Three years ago we came here from all over the United States. Those three years have passed so quickly that we can hardly realize it is over. When we met as a class for the first time we had some fifty odd members. Now as we meet for the last time we have but nineteen. These nineteen though have shown by their survival, that they have a sincere desire to enter the work for which they have studied and prepared so earnestly and to become such men as our Alma Mater can point to with pride and say "These are Farm School Graduates." We also wish to take this occasion to thank our Board and Faculty for all that they have done for us and wish to assure them that we shall ever remember them for having taught, helped, inspired and befriended us.

## Presentation of the Hoe

**A**R. CHAIRMAN, Members of Board and Faculty,  
Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow Students:

The presentation of the Hoe has been a tradition in this school for over a quarter of a century. This simple ceremony is really the inauguration of the new leaders of the students of the National Farm School. Therefore, I now, as representative of the graduating class, do present this symbol of leadership to the President of our successors.

Before parting permit me to give you a few words of advice. Do not try to govern your fellow students by reviving old methods of class distinction. Remember rather "That all men are created equal." If you want to be good leaders do not live apart from the lower classmen, but study their needs and so learn to help them along. Be willing to co-operate in all things with your Dean and Faculty because by so doing you will learn as we have, that they will do all within their power to make your stay a happy and profitable one.

In bidding you farewell we hope your last year will be a success scholastically, athletically and socially and that you will endeavor to prove by your own selves as examples, that the existence of this wonderful and fast growing school of agriculture is not only a great credit to Dr. Krauskopf, its founder, but also a benefit to our country.

Martin M. Cohien '25

## Valedictory

**M**R. CHAIRMAN, Members of the Board, and Faculty, Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow Students:

The young man now going out into the agricultural world faces conditions widely different from those of a few years ago. The economic situation is the most optimistic in the history of agriculture. Credit conditions have vastly improved and people engaged in industry, commerce and finance are showing an increasing willingness and desire to help bring about a more favorable adjustment for the farmer.

Their attitude has changed from that of a benevolent paternalism, to a growing realization of the importance and the immensity of the agricultural industry. The business world is now becoming more and more cognizant of the fact that the farmer himself must carry all the risks of weather, of flood and drought, of insect pests, and animal and plant diseases. It is into this atmosphere we young men are about to emerge and begin our life's work.

Three short years ago we entered these halls with a vague idea as to what we were about to undertake. Obstacles and hardships rose up in our paths and the weaker ones were forced to withdraw. But gradually each problem was coped with and overcome and today we are well versed in the new and progressive ideas in agriculture, which enables us to become producers or to assume the responsibilities of farm managers.

To our beloved founder, the late Rev. Dr. Joseph Krauskopf, mere words cannot fully express the profound reverence and deep gratitude that we hold for him. It is through his wonderful foresight, untiring efforts and whole-hearted munificence that this school was made possible.

Members of the Board and Faculty. If today we go out from these halls with lofty conceptions of the world's needs and of our duty to assist in supplying them, the credit belongs to you. You have not only taught us a proper attitude toward life, but have at the same time inspired and encouraged us by word and deed. Wherever we may cast our lots we shall always be mindful of your vast influence on our lives.

Classmates! The hour has struck. The time for parting has arrived. Though we must separate, let us not part in spirit. Let us often think of those Farm School days and while we step out into a larger life, let us not hold fast to what we have gained, but utilize the advantages that have been ours. Let us catch a vision of what is expected of us and then fulfill our tasks to the best of our ability. Let us conscientiously put forth our best effort and leave behind us a record our Alma Mater can be proud of.

To you all our beloved friends and schoolmates, the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-five bids a last farewell, with our best wishes for the future, and sincere regret that our Farm School days are gone forever.

Farewell,

Leon R. Blumberg '25

## Class Poem

I

Up in the old oak tree; the time worn gong  
Whose age has not detracted from its  
    loudness of song  
    Shall still keep ringing  
    Its message bringing  
But not to us.

II

The old gridiron and the diamond; where  
We strove with might and did our share  
    Toward bringing glory and success  
    To our Alma Mater—N. F. S.  
We'll ne'er forget.

III

The dining hall where thrice a day;  
We always flocked from work or play,  
    Shall still go on the same,  
    The beast of hunger tame,  
While we go on.

IV

We now go forth to take our place;  
Ours is not to follow but to set the pace  
    In a field as old as time yet new;  
    In a field of strife that calls but few;  
The field that's under cultivation.

V

Three precious years we've worked and  
    learned and dreamed  
And as the years rolled by the more it  
    seemed  
    That there are few that care to learn  
    About the field so many of us spurn;  
The field that's under cultivation.

VI

But we—We are a staunch, inspired few.  
We have seen and learned and know it's  
    true  
    That every ounce of civilization  
    Aquired by every great or tiny nation  
Depends upon the soil.

VII

Our lives shall be filled with pleasures  
    and with joys.  
Not the kind that Satan lends unto his  
    toys,  
    But the kind that keeps the spirit alive  
    And it's the kind that we can but  
    derive  
From contact with the soil.

VIII

And as the years keep growing on us; we  
Will keep on looking back, and always see  
    Through memory ever clear  
    The school that always shall be dear  
To us—

IX

In time when present shall become but  
    memory;  
'Mid friendships firm, where Fortune's  
    smile is free  
    On our way down stream  
    We will often dream  
Of Farm School and of Twenty-Five.

X

And when our days have turned to yes-  
    terdays;  
The Maker whispers, "Come", and life  
    obeys  
    While hesitating on the very brink  
    Even then we'll pause and think  
Of Farm School and of Twenty-Five.

# Gleaner



## WILLIAM H. DORELL

Alias "Bill"

General Agriculture

Age 19

Collingswood, New Jersey

*His height was six feet but that was only  
One of many reasons for looking up to him.*

Junior Year—Class Football

Class Baseball

Senior Year—Inter-Class Baseball

Inter-Class Football

Green and Gold Meet

Milking Contest

Well Bill—you and "Reds" were THE tractor men as everybody knows, and you surely did plow up the fields in good shape. Now, you just plow up your future like you did those fields and you will be O. K., and when you get your dairy farm started we will all look up to "Dorell's A. A. Milk." But—don't let it be a new tractor under your name. Just remember the good times at Farm School and they will keep you going towards your goal. We all enjoyed your jolly wise cracks and know that you're good in class. Luck to you old boy and make a real name for yourself.

## MEYER E. COHLEN

Alias "Mike"

Poultry

Age 21

Philadelphia, Pa.

*With the boys he was popular,  
In class a good scholar.*

Freshman Year—Class Baseball

Junior Year—Class Baseball

Class Football

Vice-President of Class

Secretary and Treasurer of Agricultural Club

Junior Senator

Varsity Baseball

Manager Athletic Supplies

Chairman "Junior Prom" Committee

Senior Year—Captain Varsity Baseball

President Athletic Association

Vice-President of Class

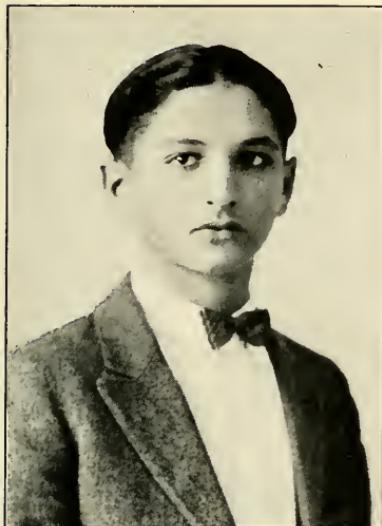
Senior Senator

Chairman "Senior Dance" Committee

Athletic Editor of GLEANER

"Mike" we surely hate to say "goodbye" to you, old boy. You've been a good old scout—athlete—scholar and all that goes to make a real fellow. We wish you luck. Let us hear how the world is treating you—because we all love you.



**GEORGE GREEN**

Alias "Georgie"

Apiculture

Age 18

Ossining, New York

*Things may come and things may go,  
But honey flows on forever.*

Junior Year—Class Baseball

Senior Year—Literary Society

"Georgie"—you youthful genius we all expect to see big things from you in later life because you have shown us that you have the stuff in you. When it comes to playing instruments you are right there, and as far as "entomology" is concerned you are a dictionary. But George, when you go into the Bee Business don't let anything "sting" you. Luck to you.

**LEOPOLD KING GOTTLIEB**

Alias "Cop"

Poultry

Age 22

New York City

*And since our stay at School is o'er,  
This tested veteran true,  
Is to be mustered out once more,  
And we shall miss him too.*

Freshman Year—Vigilance Committee

Junior Year—Secretary Agricultural Club

Vigilance Committee

Junior Councilman

Secretary and Treasurer Athletic  
Association

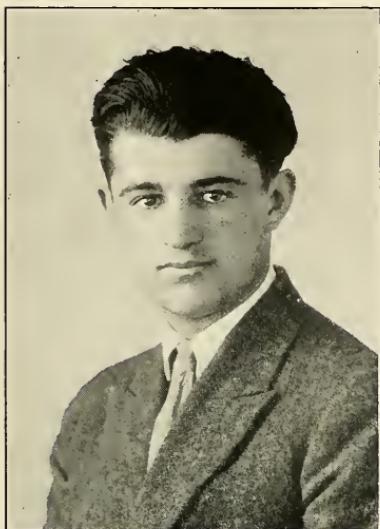
Senior Year—Manager Varsity Baseball

Secretary and President Pro Tem of  
Senate

Secretary Student Council

"Cop" you surely do know your stuff in Poultry. We all know you will make good. But don't leave your future because of your loneliness for the old Marine Corps. "Just tell that to the Marines." Use your war knowledge in making those hens lay for you. We've all found you to be a real pal, always wanting to help where possible, and that surely is one good characteristic you have. But our stay at old N. F. S. is at an end now and all we can do is just hope that you continue to be a leader and a good fellow in later life.



**EDWARD M. SCHNEIDER**

A.ias "Zulu"

General Agriculture

Age 20

Chicago, Illinois

*Silence abides.  
Where Schnitz resides*

Freshman Year—Class Football

Junior Year—Class Football

Class Baseball

Varsity Football

Senior Year—Varsity Football

Varsity Baseball Squad

Varsity Basketball Squad

"Zulu" you surely are an athlete, we must say. You have been right there when it came to taking the "gaff." Altho' you are no English "shark" you really do know your stuff about animals and we surely do want to see you make good in this branch of agriculture because we know you like it. Now "Zulu" old boy, take care of yourself and don't let Chicago get so windy that it will blow you from your path to success.

**DAVID NORTON BROWN**

Alias "Dave"

General Agriculture

Age 18

Philadelphia, Pa.

*Many a woman did rave  
Over our handsome Dave.*

Junior Year—Junior Senator

Class Baseball

Class Football

Asst. Business Manager GLEANER

Senior Year—Business Manager of GLEANER—  
First Half

Welfare Manager of Athletic Association

"Dave" you surely made a real "Ranch" of No. 1, this year. Everybody knows you are a good worker and study hard. Now listen, don't give up the good work until you have realized your dream and fulfilled our expectations. You just tell us when you want us and we'll be out to see your plantation in a "jiffy."



## HARRY RABINOWITZ

Alias "Harry"

Floriculture

Age 19

New York City

*The Gleaner speaks for you, old boy.  
You surely made this year a joy.*

**Junior Year**—Class Treasurer

GLEANER Staff

Class Baseball

Class Football

Class Baseball Manager

Junior Councilman

Varsity Football Squad

**Senior Year**—Editor-in-Chief of GLEANER

Editor Yearbook

President Literary Society

Class Treasurer

Class Salutatorian

Senior Dance Committee

"Harry", we don't know how you do it, some say you are a genius and others say you STUDY, but we think you are down-right smart. Now don't get swell-headed, it can't be helped, you have been an exceptional student and a real pal to the ones you associated with. Always there with your little pranks and wise-cracks, but serious when necessary.

Don't cry when you tell "Bozzy" "good-bye", we will get another "Protege" to take your place. Just take care of yourself and be a favorite to the world. But that isn't all—you ran those Greenhouses in wonderful style. Mr. Mayer will have to say that much for you. So now that you were the literary shark of our class and a real worker how can anything stop you? Luck to you and may you realize all of your dreams in years to come.

## MARK JEAN GOLDSTEIN

Alias "Fat"

Poultry

Age 19

Jacksonville, Florida

*H-u-r-r-a-h! Here he comes,  
Always jolly, full of fun.*

**Freshman Year**—Varsity Football

Captain Class Football

Orchestra

**Junior Year**—Varsity Football

Captain Class Football

Junior Councilman

Assistant Manager Varsity Football

GLEANER Staff

Orchestra

**Senior Year**—Varsity Football

Manager Varsity Football

Senior Councilman

Senior Banquet Committee

Coach Freshman Football Team

Yearbook Staff

Orchestra

Dear old "Fatty feller." It's tough to part with you. You can tell the hloke that said, "nobody loves a fat man," that he don't know what he is talking about. At a party, dance, or gathering you were always the "life" and "pep" and when it came to the "Deadlier Sex" why you sure had them feeding out of your hand.

You were big, "Goldy"—Big of body—Big of Heart—Big in classes and Big on the Gridiron. There were other things you shone in, too. When it came to playing the Drums or entertaining you sure came into your own. It's hard to say "good bye" to you. We'll sure miss you plenty but when you go back home you take our best wishes with you. The best of luck to you "Goldy" and continue to be "Big" in what you may do.



# Gleaner

## WARREN L. RINENBERG

Alias "Froggy"

Horticulture

Age 18

Philadelphia, Pa.

*Short in size*

*But big otherwise.*

Freshman Year—Class Secretary

Junior Year—Class Secretary

GLEANER Staff

Secretary Chess and Checker Club

Manager Class Football

Senior Year—Vice-President Literary Society

Senior Dance Committee

Farm School Publicity Agent

Class Secretary

Council

"Frog" you are the one that put Farm School's Athletics on the map—that is "Bullein" and "Ledger" maps. There is one thing we can't take away from you "Frog," and that is your undying spirit and perseverance. You surely have got the "spitzerinktum" and that is what makes presidents. You have been a real "Happy-go-lucky" fellow and a wonderful mixer. We all like you old boy. As everyone knows, you are a good student and never fail to know your lessons. Now just keep up the good work old pal and you are bound to make good. If you can't make good in Fruit-Growing (of course you know all about that end of farming), you can always find other things because the world is looking for men like you—Best of Luck.



## MILTON BERTE SCHWARTZ

Alias "Milt"

Poultry

Age 18

Philadelphia, Pa.

*Fine feathers make fine birds.  
How about it Milt?*

Freshman Year—Class Football Manager  
Banquet Committee

Junior Year—Junior Senator

Junior Councilman

Librarian

GLEANER Staff

Varsity Basketball Manager

Senior Year—Senior Councilman

GLEANER Staff

Senior Dance Committee

First-Aid Man—Football

"Milt"—they tell me you are some dancer, well that isn't all—they forgot to mention that you could handle "Buck and Brownie" as well as anybody else, didn't they? Well, we all agree that you are a fashion-plate but we don't expect to see you posing for Coles Phillips in the next few years. We want to see you in South Jersey or there abouts with a nice 300-acre farm. Yes, we want to see you do some first-aid to a few of those old Pure Bred Guernseys of yours, and above all make good.



**ALFRED ELFREY**

Alias "Reds"

General Agriculture

Age 20

Philadelphia, Pa.

*His hair is red  
But O, what a sheik.***Senior Year—Radio Operator  
Movie Operator**

"Reds"—you take the prize for the School's real mechanic. You gave us a joy with your touch as you toyed with the radio and movie machines. We all enjoyed the pleasant gatherings in your room after "lights out," but it was not only the radio we enjoyed, it was also your pleasing personality. You have been a real good pal to all of us and we surely hate to see you go. You like the cows, don't you "Reds"? Well, stick to it old boy and make them yield the Butter Fat. We all expect big things from you so don't disappoint us. We know you won't.

**KENETH B. MAYER**

Alias "Yulke"

Poultry

Age 19

Philadelphia, Pa.

*Tennis for him had many a charm  
He liked it better than working on the Farm.***Junior Year—Class Football**

Class Baseball

**Senior Year—Tennis Manager**

Yearbook Staff

"Yulke"—Although you were not the Football or Baseball star of the class you surely made us all set up and take notice on the Tennis Courts. You swing a mean racquet, and too, "Yulke," you have been a very likeable chap. You always did your part when needed and you were liked by the fellows that really knew you. We all expect you to make a success in the position you take for life's work. Keep at it and reap the Harvest.





## BENJAMIN ALEXANDER

Alias "Bozo"

Horticulture

Age 18

Cleveland, Ohio

*Always ready with a grin,  
To make it go, thru thick and thin.*

Freshman Year—Class Football

Varsity Football

Junior Year—Class Football

Class Baseball

Varsity Football

Varsity Basketball

Vice-President Athletic Association

Junior Councilman

Senior Year—Captain Varsity Football

Varsity Baseball

President Athletic Association

Senior Senator

Coach Junior Baseball and Football

Teams

President "Harvesters' Club"

"Bozo," old boy, you're another we hate to see go. You surely have our hearts standing out to you. You are undoubtedly a good student and a stellar athlete. When it comes to being "one of the crowd" you surely are there with the wise-cracks, and we all know you to be a real friend to your intimate companions. What else need a fellow possess? We all hope you make a big success, not in the show business with Al Jolson, or Ed. Wynn, but in the good old agricultural line. Luck to you old boy—God-speed.

## MARTIN M. COHIEH

Alias "Mart"

Horticulture

Age 22

Philadelphia, Pa.

*Physical culture was his aim.  
And he certainly lived up to its name.*

Freshman Year—Class Baseball

Varsity Baseball Squad

Junior Year—Captain Class Baseball Team

Class Football

Varsity Football Squad

Class President

Varsity Baseball

Senior Year—Varsity Baseball

Varsity Football

Class President

Senior Senator

Freshman Class Advisor

President "Tillers' Club"

Coach Freshman Baseball Team

"Mart" we have to take our hats off to you because you led our class through thick and thin for two long years in wonderful style, and now that we are leaving old Farm School, we have to say you're a real leader. As your record shows, you are a good athlete and when it comes to making out a "Menu" you are right there. But something seems missing, I guess it's the food. We all agree you could make McSweeny look sick when it comes to diet. Well, old boy I guess we will have to say "good bye." Now take care of yourself and make the best of everything you undertake, we know you can.



**LEON ROBERT BLUMBERG**

A. Ias "Blunder"

Horticulture

Age 18

Camden, N. J.

*Talking about dictionaries  
Blumberg could put a crossword puzzle to shame.*

**Junior Year—Class Baseball**

Class Football

Class Cheer Leader

Vice-President Chess and Checker Club

**Senior Year—GLEANER Staff**

Yearbook Staff

S. S. A. Committee

Valedictorian

Varsity Football

"Hi there Blunder," you under-study of Noah Webster. Just think, you can't discuss the "Hymenoptera" or "curculionidae" anymore. I guess we will read in a couple of years of your attending an "Entomological symposium" at the Academy of Music. I hope it doesn't get you in bad though. You have been a jolly old scout, "Blunder," and we really hate to see you go back to Camden but we hope that you will go to a real good place and start a nice Apple orchard so that you may become a successful fruit grower soon. We know you will make good because you have shown us what you are made of on the football field and on Purmell's open field.

**LOUIS GOTTLIEB**

Alias "Luke"

General Agriculture

Age 18

New York City

*Give me liberty or give me death!  
Was Patrick Henry's wail.  
Give me heifers, cows and calves,  
Says Luke and I will make the kale.*

Freshman Year—Candy Manager

Junior Year—Candy Manager

Secretary Athletic Association

Senior Year—Yearbook Treasurer

"Luke," now just forget your feline family because "Teet-sie" will take care of those. What we want you to do is make good and take good care of the position you take in life. Of course you won't have "Doc" to tell your new ideas to, so just tell them to those you work with. Don't try to be a back-hand pugilist, "just stick to your bush" and you will surely make good.



**SAMUEL KAPLER**

Alias "Mickey"

Horticulture

Age 18

Brooklyn, New York

*This slogan may be many years old,  
But "Cap" still thinks that silence is gold.*

Freshman Year—Literary Society

Agricultural Club

Junior Year—Class Baseball

Class Football

Senior Year—Milking Contest

Literary Society

"Mickey" we all think that you believe in the old adage, "Silence is Golden;" but we all know that "still water runs deep," especially in your case. You have been a good student and always tried hard to please when needed. We know that you will make a success in whatever you do because you DO it and have no words about it. Luck to you old boy, and let us know how you are getting along.

**ASHER FINKELSTEIN**

Alias "Abie"

Floriculture

Age 20

Cleveland, Ohio

*He was a good and noble skater,  
Always there to help his mate.*

Freshman Year—Literary Society

Junior Year—Class Treasurer

Agricultural Club

Senior Year—President of "Grounds Committee"

Secretary and Dues Manager Athletic Association

Yearbook Staff

"Abie" you have been a good fellow as long as we have known you, always jolly and ready to help a friend, whether it be spiritual or practical support. No doubt you will choose "Flowers" as the means of your livelihood. If you cultivate the "Hot Beds" as well as you cultivated our friendship, you will no doubt make a success. All that we can say is, that you helped make our three-years stay here a success and we sincerely hope you make good.



**SAMUEL ROSENAU**

Alias "Sam"

Horticulture

Age 22

Pensacola, Florida

*Blest with a talent to lead,  
He's a man who is sure to succeed.*

Freshman Year—President '26 Class

Freshman Councilman

Class Football

Junior Year—Promoted to '25 Class

Senior Year—President of Student Body

Chairman of Senate

Chairman of Student Council

Cheer Leader

President "Planters' Club"

Orchestra

"Sam," you were the jack-of-all-trades during your stay at old Farm School. You were at the head of everything in your Senior year which only shows that your leading ability was rightfully recognized. We can only look back on your leadership as a huge success. Regardless of what you go into in later life we are sure you will make a success of it as you did your two-years stay at our dear School. You have our heartiest support—Luck to you "Sam."

## CLASS MOTTO

"To Know and to Do"

## CLASS FLOWER

Pansy

## ANNOUNCEMENT

The following have been elected to lead the "Gleaner" for the coming year:

SAMUEL COLTON, Editor-in-Chief

JOHN D. SIMONS, Business Manager

The following have been selected Honor Students of the class:

M. E. COHIE, First Honor Student

W. L. RINENBERG, Second Honor Student

D. N. BROWN, Third Honor Student

## Last Will and Testament of the Class of Twenty-Five

**W**E, the illustrious and noble class of nineteen hundred and twenty-five, being mindful of the transitoriness of human acquisition and endeavor and being cognizant of the fact that the final stage of our educational metamorphosis is about to take place and realizing that during our incarceration in these celebrated halls of learning we have accumulated, attained, collected, assembled and acquired numerous, nondescript and sundry possessions, powers, rights, privileges, chattles, commodities, and goods and being in a philanthropic, beneficent, magnanimous, and benevolent humor, do hereby bid, bequeath, dispose, tender, dispense and give the items hereinafter mentioned.

We hereby revoke, nullify, set aside, cancel, repeal and abrogate all former wills, testaments, codicils, gifts or other beneficencies by as heretofore made, either individually or collectively.

Item I. To the President and Board of Directors, we leave a new library and dormitory, two additional farms, plans for a wonderful dairy barn, a number of new faculty members, livestock, etc., etc., and the hope that in the next few years you will be enabled to annex the remainder of Bucks County as an addition to our big out-door laboratory.

Item II. To our Director, Dr. B. Ostrolenk, we leave a strictly enforced, "No Smoking Rule," and twenty-five cartons of Camels for distribution in the student body.

Item III. To our Governor, Mr. J. L. Campbell, we leave a compilation recently completed by our famous author, Stoney McRinenberg. It is entitled "How to get rid of the Demerit Habit."

Item IV. To Coach Rogers we leave a little device which we have just patented. Our dimple exterminator is sure to get immediate results.

Item V. To Mr. Laubner we leave a suit with vest pockets capacious enough to hold trace chains, crow bars, double-trees, hoes, rakes, forks and so forth.

Item VI. To Mr. Plain we leave a small pamphlet called, "Chickens I Have Known."

Item VII. To Mr. Purmell we leave three laundry baskets with which to carry apples to his classes.

Item VIII. To Mr. Schmieder we leave the deserted Chem. Lab. to be used as an auditorium in which can be held all future botanical and entomological symposiums.

Item IX. To Miss Gross we leave Farm No. 5 to be used as a plantation for her next cotton crop.

Item X. To Miss Churchman we leave our private library containing useful works by the following authors: Horatio Alger, Elinor Glynn, and Nick Carter.

Item XI. To Joe Kleinfeld, we leave the honored position of announcer and the "Liberty Bell" with which to control the usual crepitaculum that usually accompanies the imbibing of the Chef's bread pudding.

Item XII. To "Hi" we leave the exalted position of Grand and Noble Feeder of the Beneficent Order of Amalgamated Grain Dealers.

Item XIII. To Wiseman we leave the advice that "Silence is Golden."

Item XIV. To the Class of 1926 about to become Seniors we leave our Historical Collection containing bath tubs, stocks, magnetos, paddles and tombstones. (Nuf sed!)

Item XV. To the Class of 1927 now about to emerge from servitude we leave the incoming Class of 1928 under your paternal wing and tender mercies. Let your conscience be your guide!

Witnesses:

Goniocotes Burnett  
Prune D. Shutts  
Itzy Gem  
Kid Demeritz

R. U. Heppy

In witness thereof we set our hand and seal this twenty-second day of February, nineteen hundred and twenty-five anno domino.

Class of 1925 {Seals}

R-r-rit N. DeBoket  
Spitzky Rynktum  
Kum Liddle Ding  
P. Yanisimo

## Class History

**T**HROUGHOUT its stay in Farm School The Class of Twenty-five has made a record of which it is proud. Our accomplishments will long be remembered after we graduate.

### Our Infancy

In March, 1922, we entered and for one whole week had a great time explaining in detail our history and ambitions to the attentive upper classmen; then came the S. S. A. and we were properly (?) initiated and pronounced full-fledged Frosh. It was the last real S. S. A. and we will never forget it.

Classes began in earnest and our Farm work started. It was a real test and many of our classmates fell by the way-side. Our associations with the upper classmen instilled that N. F. S. spirit in us and practice began for the Freshman-Junior Baseball Game. With grim joy we squelched the Juniors in our first fight, by the score of 6 runs to 4. We contributed Stringer, Regal, Borushik, Mart Cohien, Rosenblum and Sobel, to the varsity baseball team. Of course the Juniors declared our baseball win luck. That we had a horseshoe around our necks, but we proceeded to prove that it was skill, not brute strength, such as they depended on and in the Fall once

more showed our superiority in athletics and outplayed them in football. The score at the last whistle was 3 to 0 in our favor. We had strengthened the varsity football team with Goldstein and Alexander.

To crown our success we sponsored a Freshman - Junior Banquet. Can you imagine all the hearts (and-(?)-) broken at the affair. All of the time wasn't confined to eating, however, much to the regret of some of those present. The speeches were some of the liveliest, newest, straight-from-the-shoulder talks that have been delivered in Farm School. It was the greatest Freshman Banquet in the history of the school.

### We Grow

This first year of hard work and self-denial had proven too much for some of our boys and we entered our Junior year with thirty-two men. Our recent knocks and slams, still tingling, so plentifully and unstintingly rendered by the graduated Senior class, especially Landau, Malkin, Platt and Abromowitz, and added to this our still fresh battle wounds served to make us hard-hearted Juniors. We had the Freshmen completely overwhelmed and cowed—for a detailed account of our iron-handed atrocities I refer you to the future Seniors.

Into every life comes a shadow and we had more than our share. In the month of April we suffered a severe setback when fourteen of our best athletes and scholars left Farm School. This, when added to the loss of Elliot, Stringer, Cahan, Brewer, Ostrolenk, Victor, Klein, Shevitz and Entwistle, by promotion, left us in a serious condition. For a short time we were just bewildered individuals and our class was at a standstill. The '25 "Spirit" then broke loose and pulled us from the rut. We reorganized much smaller and less brilliant, our common efforts keeping us united. This was our severest test, but we came out on top, full of fight.

Youth will be served—due to the absence of practically all our baseball players, we lost our baseball game to the Freshmen, 10-9. We did not have a spark of playing ability left. I am still wondering how we held them. It must have been our "Do or Die" spirit.

The Freshmen were over-confident and we had a surprise in store for them. We will never forget that "Beat 'em or Bust" blood-raising spirit instilled by Coach Stringer. Luckily for the Freshies the game was played on a wet field or the score might have been 15-0, our favor; as it was, they earned a hair-line draw, 6-6. Let me tell you, we walked on air for several days after.

To cap our memorable year, we launched our Junior Prom and worked night and day on it. It will be remembered as an exclusive affair. We had lots of fun and some wonderful dancing exhibitions. This was the first year that the Juniors and Seniors had co-operated as a well-directed unit.

The Senate and Council were revived and the term was a huge success. We were left full responsibility for the coming year. The Juniors were invited to a confab and plans were arranged under the leadership of our esteemed classmate, Sam Rosenau.

## And Behold

We had evolved from a "Fresh Villain" by the stages of hard work, more study and proper paternal guidance into shining, manicured and petted, sleek and brilliant-minded Seniors! At last we had "arrived," and, oh, boy! we took advantage of it. There was a marked attendance loss at details—for a short period. We were rudely jolted by the Faculty, demerits flew in all directions. Suddenly cooled off we reformed and became shining examples of duty. You bet, we enforced it.

To start the year right the Fresh kids were introduced to the S. S. A. Some of them emerged marked thirty-third degree dumbbells. Blood ran freely and the chicken-hearted cried for mercy. Ah, Mutts! They got it, from all sides. There was fun galore and the Babes went to bed that night meek and with a slight amount of sense banged into their iron-bound hat-racks.

There was a shake-up in the Council and Senate with Rosenau at the helm and now they reached their peak in efficiency. The rule of the Senate and Council was felt by everyone. They were popular and attendance at meetings far outshone those of the past year. Dependable Sam carried the one-detail-a-day project over for a knockout, and we all enjoyed it. Led by the Seniors in the Council, the dances and outings were put across in good style. The movies were the best ever seen in Segal Hall—enough said.

In Football, Captain Alexander had able support and capable team workers in Goldstein, Schneider, Blumberg and Mart Cohien.

In Baseball, Captain Mike Cohien had as able team mates, his brother Mart, Alexander and Schneider. We worked with a tireless zest for our teams and had fair success.

"For honest work, you shall be rewarded," Senior Week arrived with a

goodly store of joys for us. We had an incomparable program, and added some fun at the expense of the underclassmen. Banquets, shows and movies were in abundant supply. Trips to farms and farm implement factories were many. At night around the bright log fire we sang of Good Old N. F. S. and told tales, swapped jokes and talked of our futures. What could be sweeter. This was the happiest, yet most eventful week in all the three years' stay.

The Annual Senior Farewell Hop was held at the Armory in Doylestown, and if ever there was a dance, in which more pep, jazz and all-around frolicking prevailed then I'm a lizard-eye fur-eating nightingale. The girls and superb music

combined to knock us silly. You just couldn't stand, and boy! those eyes! Woe is me, the memory of it makes me drunk. Oh! many the heart (and pin) went out to Her that night (?) on the doorstep. Sure, and we threw out our chests and promised a million in 60 days.

We come to the last page in the history of our class. We graduated one-third of the original enrolled students, from a class of 60 green city boys we emerge after a hard fight, victorious, a handful of 19 young men trained in agriculture, sent off with encouraging whispers, to try our hand at the plow in this stern wide world. We hold up an enviable record. Try to beat it—to all succeeding classes.

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## Class Prophesy

**J**N the year 1945, just twenty years after our graduation from the National Farm School, I began arranging for a class reunion to be held in Alumni Hall, which building had been recently constructed, on the first Sunday of June, the annual "Founders' Day."

Taking my aeroplane out of my hangar near Vineland, where I had a poultry farm, I headed in the direction of Philadelphia. I landed on the roof of one of the large buildings, which was equipped as a landing place, checked my plane, and descended to the street.

Knowing that Milton Schwartz had a haberdashery store on Chestnut street, I wended my way to his store, and, after greetings had been exchanged, informed him of my mission. He promised to attend. As there were no more of my classmates in Philadelphia, I decided to go to New York, where I knew I would find several of the "Twenty-fivers."

Landing in New York, on the roof of the Hyphen Hotel, which is situated be-

tween the Ritz and the Carleton Hotels, I decided to stay there for a day or so. After engaging a room, I sallied forth in quest of my classmates. I bought a newspaper, the "Evening Snooze," which was edited by Harry Rabinowitz. I immediately started for the office of the "Evening Snooze" to see Harry. I had just stepped into the subway car, when I felt a tap on my arm, turning, I saw Warren Rinenberg. He asked me where I was going, and, upon my telling him, said he also was headed there, as he was a reporter on the "Evening Snooze." He showed me an article which he had written in the paper, under big headlines, as follows:

### ELECTRICIAN ELFREY SOLVES PUZZLE OF THE AGE

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#### Baffling Mystery Cleared Up

Martin Westin, formerly a conductor of the New York Traction Company, had been convicted of first degree murder in connection with the death of John



THE SENATE

Back Row—I. Kleinfield, L. Gottlieb, M. Snyder, J. Kisber

Front Row—M. E. Cohen, S. Rosenau (President), M. M. Cohen, B. Alexander

Sweeney, his superintendent, who accused him of knocking down fares, and was sentenced to die by electrocution. He was put in the electric chair and the current turned on, but it never phased him. Again the current was turned on, and he did not bat an eyelash. The connections were inspected, and found to be perfect. Again the juice was tried, but had no effect on the man. Puzzled, they called in the great electrician, Alfred Elfrey, who, after learning the facts of the case, said: "You can't kill this man by electrocution; he is a non-conductor!"

Rinenberg then showed me a poem in the paper, written by George Green, entitled, "Love and Dumb":

He asked her on the back porch,  
On a moonlit starry night,  
Alas, he was excited,  
And did not get it right;  
"You cannot live without, I  
And each other must us have we,  
So are you tell I will me  
If us marry won't she?"

The poor girl was dumbfounded,  
And knew not what to say,  
But opened up her mouth  
And poured forth words this way.

"Oh, dear boy, how me love us  
And me too love I we,  
But you we I are never  
Is able can us marry.

"Me are a husband has got,  
Him is I much do loves,  
Alas, I is not are you have I,  
Nor can it ever was."

After commenting on the genius that could evoke a poem like that, we reached our destination and got off. We then proceeded to Rabinowitz's office.

After greetings were exchanged, I told them both of my plan. They both promised to aid me if they saw any of our classmates whom I could not reach. As it was getting late, we all went to a restaurant for our evening meal, and then went to a minstrel show. To my

surprise, I recognized the end man, although he was blackened up, my old classmate, Mark Goldstein! He recited a poem called "Ice Cream and Cake," which was very sweet, and he also sang a song entitled, "Chlorine Blues," which sure was a knockout. I saw him after the performance, and he said he was "tickled skinny" to see me. I replied, "Don't you wish it?" I then told "Fats" about our class reunion, and he promised to attend. I then went to my hotel and retired for the night.

The next morning I set out in my plane for Cleveland, the home town of two of my classmates. Arriving there, I soon found Benjamin Alexander, who was a landscape architect. He had designed the landscape gardening around many of the public buildings in Cleveland, and was now very successful. We then went to see Asher Finklestein, who had a pawnshop in Cleveland. As Abie's business was dull, we took him to see a ball game. But Asher became excited when the umpire called "Three Balls," and looked straight at the rising young pawnbroker, and Asher thought that he was casting reflections on his business. So we took him home again. Alexander informed me that Dorell had a large dairy farm in Iowa and was making out well. He said he would write and tell Bill about our proposed reunion.

The next day I left Cleveland and headed for a place called Crayling, near Bald Mountain, in Montana, where the Cohen brothers, Martin and Meyer, had a "Health Farm." When I arrived there I met Mart first and I hardly recognized him — he had some hair on his head! Then Mike came up, and so they took me around their farm. There were about twenty-five men on their "Health Farm," all living the "Physical Culture" way. The Cohen's raised fruit, grain, vegetables and strong men. I stayed at their place over night and the next day headed back East.

## Gleaner

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My next stop was Sandyville, New Jersey, at which place Leon Blumberg had a farm. As I walked down the road I saw a hay-load topple off a bridge into a large stream. I saw a boy jump from the load just in time to escape going over. I ran forward to see if I could be of any assistance. I asked the boy where he lived. He answered, "I live up the road a little ways." So I said, "All right, I'll take you home." To my surprise, he burst into tears, saying, "Father wouldn't like it." I then questioned, "Why wouldn't your father like it?" But the little chap only continued to cry and would not answer. So I took him home. On the way I calmed him down a little and asked him what his name was and he answered, "Leon Blumberg, Junior."

When we reached the house, I saw no signs of his parents, so I said, "Well, Junior, where is your father?" The boy again started crying and replied, "Father was in the hay!" I immediately started back to the scene of the mishap, but was met half way by Blumberg, who had escaped unscathed, but was soaking wet. After he had changed into dry clothing he showed me around his farm. He had a fine general farm, a large orchard, and a good dairy herd besides. He informed me that Dave Brown had a large dairy place in New Jersey, not far from Atlantic City.

I left Blumberg's farm and decided to spend a day in Atlantic City, and then return home. I was walking along Pacific Avenue, when I espied the following legend on a window, "Samuel Rosenau, Tailor." Outside, a sign read, "Business Suits." I went in and asked him, "How's business?" and he answered, "Didn't you see the sign outside, reading 'Business Suits'?" Nevertheless, I could see that Sam's business was in creasing!

Sam informed me that he heard that Edward Schneider had gone to Africa to trade with the Zulus, and had been hailed by them as a brother.

Sam also told me that Leo Gottleib,

our soldier boy, had a poultry and fruit farm near Farm School, and also gave lessons in baby-chick raising to the Farm School students.

Just then I saw Samuel Kapler passing on the street. He was dressed very stylishly and looked quite rich. I hailed him, and asked him what he was doing. He then told me that Louis Gottleib and he had established a queer partnership. Kapler lived in Atlantic City, and "Luke" lived in San Francisco, so that in this manner they kept plenty of money between them. Rosenau and myself thought that it was quite an ingenious scheme.

Bidding them farewell, I went to my plane and returned home. I went to sleep that night and dreamed of the coming class reunion, when the good old class of Nineteen-twenty-five should once more assemble in Farm School.

Kenneth B. Mayer.

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T  
Sc H neider  
Al E xander  
\* \*  
M. M. C ohien  
B L umberg  
K A pler  
Ro S enau  
Gold S tein  
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F inkelstein  
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"Cop" Got T lieb  
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Got T lieb, "Luke"  
Ma Y er  
\* \*  
El F rey  
R I nenberg  
Rabino V itz  
Dor E ll

Paul Bunyan

## The Staff

Editor in Chief.....	H. Rabinowitz, '25
Business Manager.....	J. D. Simons, '26
Staff Secretary.....	E. Wilson, '27
* * * * *	
Literary Editor.....	S. Colton, '26
Agricultural Editor.....	L. Blumberg, '25
Class and Clubs	
Alumni	M. B. Schwartz, '25
Exchange	
Assistant.....	J. Asch, '26
Sports Editor.....	M. E. Cohien, '25
Campus News Editor.....	M. Snyder, '26
Assistants	M. Rosenthal, '26
	S. Galob, '26
	W. Wolfson, '27

Literary Advisor.....	Rev. Wm. Boswell
Business Advisor.....	Mr. J. L. Campbell

Business Manager, Gleaner  
Farm School, Pa.

Dear Sir:—

- (1) Please publish the following advertisement.
- (2) Please enter the following subscription, \$2.00 per year. Cross out (1) or (2).

Thank you



THE "GLEANER" STAFF

Back Row—S. Colton, E. Wilson, M. Snyder, J. Asch, M. E. Cohen  
Front Row—J. Simons (Business Manager), H. Rabinowitz (Editor-in-Chief), M. Schwartz, L. Blumberg



**G**NE year ago at about this time a new Gleaner Staff started on its career. It had little support, no money for even a first issue and very slim prospects of success. It had two things though, an inspiration handed down by Victor of the Twenty-four Class and plenty of ambition.

Two years ago Victor, as pilot of the Gleaner undertook a step forward. He strove to put out a bigger and better Gleaner. It is true he only put out three issues and that under adverse circumstances; but he accomplished a wonderful thing. That wonderful thing was to set a foundation for his successors to build upon and a new ideal to strive for.

Upon that foundation we have built and towards that ideal we strove. Now as a new Staff steps into office we will attempt to look back a little and then look forward a whole lot.

To repeat—When we began we had nothing but a foundation which at best was somewhat shaky and an Ideal that inspired us. To that was added a good Business Manager and we were off.

Came the struggle to raise funds and collect material which proved very discouraging; but we were not downed. The more knocks we got the more determined we became. Then lo!—our first issue appeared.

With misgivings and fears for our 'first born' we distributed the copies and behind locked doors waited for the comment; when lo and behold a miracle came to pass! Praise and congratulations poured in from all sides. To say that this gave us new inspiration would not be adequately describing our feelings. For days we walked on air and when we began on our second issue it was with greater enthusiasm and added determination. And so the issues appeared; each one an improvement over the last and each one bringing with it new inspirations until it began to seem that nothing short of bankruptcy would stop us from our phenomenal ascent. Such was almost the case though. We ran out of funds and began to despair again, but we had not reckoned with the Business Manager. A huge movement was set afoot to widen the circulation of the Gleaner and broaden its field of advertising. The entire Board was canvassed and called upon for cooperation and those tremendously busy gentlemen took the time to lend us their ears and pocketbooks. New advertisers were secured and we soared up into the dizzy heights again.

From then on our path was strewn with roses. So, we kept on and published five regular issues and then began upon this Yearbook. Again our empty coffers leered at us but once more we appealed to our Board through Mr. Grant Wright and as before they responded open heartedly. Had we the necessary requisites we would build a monument to Mr. Wright for his wonderful help. Busy as he was editing a magazine and holding conventions he gave us much of his precious time and again we were lifted from the Valley of the Shadow and deposited in the Kingdom of Happiness.

Now our task is done; the past lies behind us and we will introspect a little. For what we did we seek no laurels. We are content that we have had a fairly successful

year. But—if the foundation we have struggled to make more solid and the ideals for which we so earnestly worked are allowed to become neglected after we have gone, we shall feel that our year has been a sad failure. We are not attempting to be pessimistic, please understand, on the other hand—we feel from the bottoms of our hearts that our work shall be resumed and carried on even better than we have done. Why?—BECAUSE—We are sure that an ambitious and thoroughly capable staff is succeeding us. BECAUSE—this new Staff has a much better start and larger capital with great prospects for more, and BECAUSE—we feel that the student body has been thoroughly awakened to the necessity of a good publication and that if

they are kept interested they will respond with alacrity and help the staff to achieve big things.

Are not all these reasons enough? They most certainly are and we, who now retire, shall for those reasons look forward to the coming issues of the new Gleaner and do earnestly hope that our expectations shall be lived up to.

Good luck to you, new staff! Establish the Gleaner more firmly as an institution among the other leading Farm School activities and your work shall not have been in vain, for when you, too, go out, you shall be happy as only those that have done something great and good can be.



S. COLTON '26

## A Dissertation Upon O. R.

BEFORE I begin my theme proper I wish to give a few words of apology to the reader, who will assume that this is unnecessary and that anyone who attempts to write seriously about such a thing as O. R. must have an abundance of that substance in his head. My apology (if such may be necessary) is as follows: I have on many occasions been touched by that wondrous substance (clear down to the pit of my stomach, in fact), and to let it

sink into the depths of oblivion or allow it to become a "has been" along with Prince, the old uniforms and other such wonderful though unnecessary things, would, to my mind, be a calamitous sin and would touch me personally even deeper than the gooey of which I speak has done. Which is saying a mouthful.

Perhaps a word of explanation would not come amiss, although I hardly think that there is anyone who has not had the pleasure of its acquaintance. O. R.

is an abbreviation for "Old Reliable" and is the only known abbreviation which has not been used in cross word puzzles. If you are still in the dark—allow me to further enlighten you. "Old Reliable" is the nickname for a most marvelous substance; a dirty golden-hued paste, in thickness so dense that a five-pound brick would not sink in a saucer full of it; of taste so delightful that it is not easily forgotten and as a substitute, has no equal. I speak of Farm School molasses.

O. R. is not of those things which has jumped into instantaneous prominence at Farm School; on the contrary, it's rise to fame has been slow and deliberate, but sure. It was first introduced in that dim hazy past when the school was struggling to become established. The late Rev. Krauskopf, having started the school on its career, had found it hard to raise expenses, and naturally the pantry was not as plentiful as it might have been. In order to offset that, the cook tried to set upon the table something that would act as a substitute for everything the boys did not have and at the same time tickle their palates in order that they might not tire of it. Whether they tired of it or not is a question, but there is no doubt about it having tickled their said palates; it still does. How long the cook hunted for a substitute is not known, but he finally struck upon this molasses and we have stuck to it ever since. Again I repeat—there is no known substance that can compare with it. It is made in Louisiana from sugar cane and is put into heavy barrels (without having been refined) and then shipped to F. S. I do not believe there is any other outlet for that product.

The O. R. is our best friend and our worst enemy. It is like the Egyptian Pyramids, having remained intact thru countless years and having outlasted everything else, whether great or small.

It is our closest adherent and is always with us. It absolutely cannot be discouraged. It has that perseverance and persistence which is bound to attain success against all opposition. In fact, its perseverance is such that it never allows us to lose sight of it. Whether it be Monday or Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday, Friday or Saturday, or even Sunday; whether it be Breakfast or Dinner or Supper; whether it be a banquet or a meager repast, molasses is always in the center of the table. One cannot help seeing it. In its position it is the cynosure of all eyes. Yea, verily—spuds are only served three times a day, but O. R. is never even removed from the table. Sometimes I begin to wonder whether it is not a part of the table itself, executed by some clever craftsman.

In taste it is unlike anything else. All I have but to do is close my eyes and I can taste it on my tongue now. It is a "never-to-be-forgotten." If smeared on a slab of bread the consumer cannot taste the bread. If eaten plain—but I shudder to discourse on that subject. A sweet, yet bitter, luscious, yet repellent taste; the only way I can adequately describe it is by comparison with color. It has a green taste. If any food, of any style or manner, whether it be toasted cheese or oyster stew (minus the oysters usually) coffee or soup, does not agree, we resort to O. R. It is a blessed curse!

Not only as a food is it famous. Its uses are many and varied and I believe that an entire volume can be written on each. Not only as food was it used, but as a shampoo for head and any other part of the body; as a grease to protect the skin; as a varnish to cover it and at the peak of its popularity as a substitute for the famous tar in tarring and feathering.

Upon the entrance of a new Freshman class into F. S. they were immediately introduced to it, or rather, it was introduced upon them. It became their first



## THE COUNCIL

Back Row—H. Levin, M. Sheer, J. Klein, L. Gottlieb  
Front Row—W. Rinenberg, M. Goldstein, S. Rosenau (President), M. Schwartz

close friend at school and as such remained throughout their stay. I myself can recall instances of its application to various parts of my anatomy and when I say that the feeling brought about by contact with the skin is worse than an attack of poison ivy I do not believe that I am exaggerating much. I can also recall an instance when one of my classmates was unable to take a bath after receiving a heavy dose and had to sleep overnight with O. R. on his body. The following morning he had to put his clothes on over his pajamas, because he could not tear them off, and when the opportunity for a bath arrived he had to steam himself for about an hour before he could pry his clothes off. I believe he has not gotten over the effects of it yet. It was more popular as an application to a Freshman's skin than rotten eggs even. No S. S. A. was complete unless a tub of O. R. was present and distributed plentifully. A feature of these S. S. A.'s was to coat several Freshmen with molasses and then sprinkle them with feathers. The effect was wonderful; they looked like the connection between a fowl and a human being and came as close to bridging a gap in the history of evolution as any thing else that was ever discovered by scientists. I can go on thus almost forever and then not exhaust my subject, but I must reckon with the patience of my readers. One more feature of this marvelous substance and I shall be through.

You have but to speak to an Alumnus and he will inevitably bring O. R. into the conversation. In such instances it does not do to attempt to discourage him, because it will only serve to make him more talkative and cause him to elucidate for many hours upon the subject of O. R. I have had an Alumnus of the Class of 1904 tell me with mist in his eyes that he would give almost anything for a taste of that stuff again and

I believe he would have gone to the dining hall for it had he not had to make a train. Just think—the taste of it and the influence it exerted over him lasted for some twenty years without abating—Opium thou art deposed!

As a parting word I would make an appeal to you students who are to remain here for some time yet, to keep O. R. from dying out of prominence and falling into the category of useless and forgotten things. It will not be a hard thing to do because that substance is ever before you, but what I fear is that you may come to accept it as part of the dining room fixtures just like the clock over the mantelpiece and in that attitude may even look straight at it without seeing its rich dirty yellow color or even be tempted to taste of that wonderful lusciousness that positively does not remind one of honey. To sum it all up; I would ask you not to look at it with unseeing eyes and if I may offer a suggestion for keeping it alive I would say, taste it once in a while and you will not forget, try though you might.

H. Rabinowitz '25

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## Rural Philosophy

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Take your city, close an' dusty  
An' your atmosphere so musty,  
Same ole things, so old, they're crusty.  
Country life's what I prefer.

Country livin's sure a blessin',  
Your life may be gay, but listen  
Gosh! you don't know what your missen  
Of God's gifts, I've mine an' more.

You can keep up all your kiddin',  
Nature's gifts to me ain't hidden,  
But to you, they're fruits forbidden,  
Keep your city,—I've got more.

I'm content with cows, an' hoen'  
Corn and watchin' crops agrowin'  
You're unlucky in not knowin'  
What you're missen' of Life's store.

S. Galob '26

## Queed

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How many times have we picked up a book in an idle moment, and sat down to read, hoping that that particular piece of literature would satisfy our mood? How many times have we read the first few chapters and flung the book aside as a hopeless case? Then is when we wish someone would whisper magic words in our ear that would bring within our grasp the fulfilment of our desires.

Henry Sydnor Harrison has donated a delightful satisfier for our reading palate in his book, "Queed." One needs only to read the first page in order to have his interest aroused, and an irresistible desire to continue manifests itself. It is light reading, humorous, with a refined air and is considerably instructive. One can not help admiring the characters and it is a delight to picture, in the mind's eye, the gradual changes undergone by Qeed from a studious fossilized bookworm, to a two-fisted, live human-being.

And there's a peach of a girl in the story.

Joseph M. Kleinfeld '26

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## Officer!

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The advertising jacket of a book is oftentimes more interesting than the book itself. On the outside cover you may find "gripping heart interest", "not a dull word", "never slacking motion" and any imaginable phrase which might attract a reader.

Get all the fancy phrases, invent a few to suit yourself, jumble the lot together; and you have "Officer!"

There's a book! It will never rank with "Tom Brown's School Days," but you'd much quicker sit up to finish it. Larry Harker isn't as compelling a character as the Virginian, but you'll follow his career with as much interest.

You have a handsome policeman hero, a pretty girl, a mysterious villian and action. That's the word—action! You won't lay the book down until you are thru. (There I go quoting covers again.)

Make sure you have lots of time, make yourself comfortable, and finish it at one sitting.

(No, the author, Hulbert Footner, isn't a friend of mine.)

S. Colton '26

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## Imagine!

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Miss Gross without the Frosh!  
Georgie with his hair combed!  
Blumberg in the movies!  
Dave Brown in a harem!  
Youngie back at No. 3!  
A meal without spuds!  
Mart with Rex's hair!  
A full class treasury!

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## Sometime

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Asher might be President of Palestine.  
Kapler may be a Heavyweight champ.  
Rinenberg may be editor of "Hot Dog."  
"Fats" may reduce.  
"Bozo" will succeed Eddie Cantor.  
Mr. Nusbaum will teach electricity.  
I might be a Farmer.

Paul Bunyan

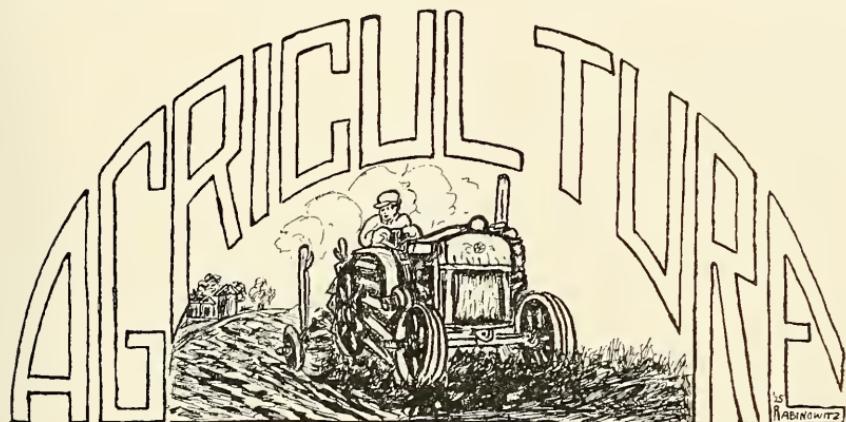
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## Things We'll Never See—

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Schwartz with an old suit.  
Joe Kisber's girl.  
Schmeider giving "10" to all students.  
Sam Rosenau without a lovelorn look.  
Jake the Mule.  
Alumni Hall.  
Luke without a menagerie.  
Yulkie in the "Follies."

Paul Bunyan



L. BLUMBERG '25

## The Year In Agriculture

**B**EFORE deciding whether or not the past year, agriculturally speaking, was a success, a few important factors must be considered.

First, the exceedingly persistent rainfall in the spring which made practically impossible the proper preparation of the soil.

Second, the ideal conditions for insect pests, plant diseases and the prolific growth of weeds.

But it can be said to our credit that by dint of hard labor and splendid co-operation on the part of the student body and faculty most of these obstacles were overcome.

Taking everything into consideration, the general farms had a very successful season.

Although one of the poorest corn crops in years was experienced, we were able to pull through and fill three silos and besides have enough corn for next year's seed.

As if to make up what the corn crop lacked our mows were deluged by tons of extra quality fine timothy, clover and alfalfa hay.

The rains that were poison for the corn, were food for our wheat and oat crops and they far exceeded our fondest expectations. As we were fortunate to get in all of our winter wheat, rye was not planted.

A fair crop of Japanese millet was harvested and was used for green feed and hay. Potatoes were grown with medium success and many new methods were introduced as to their culture.

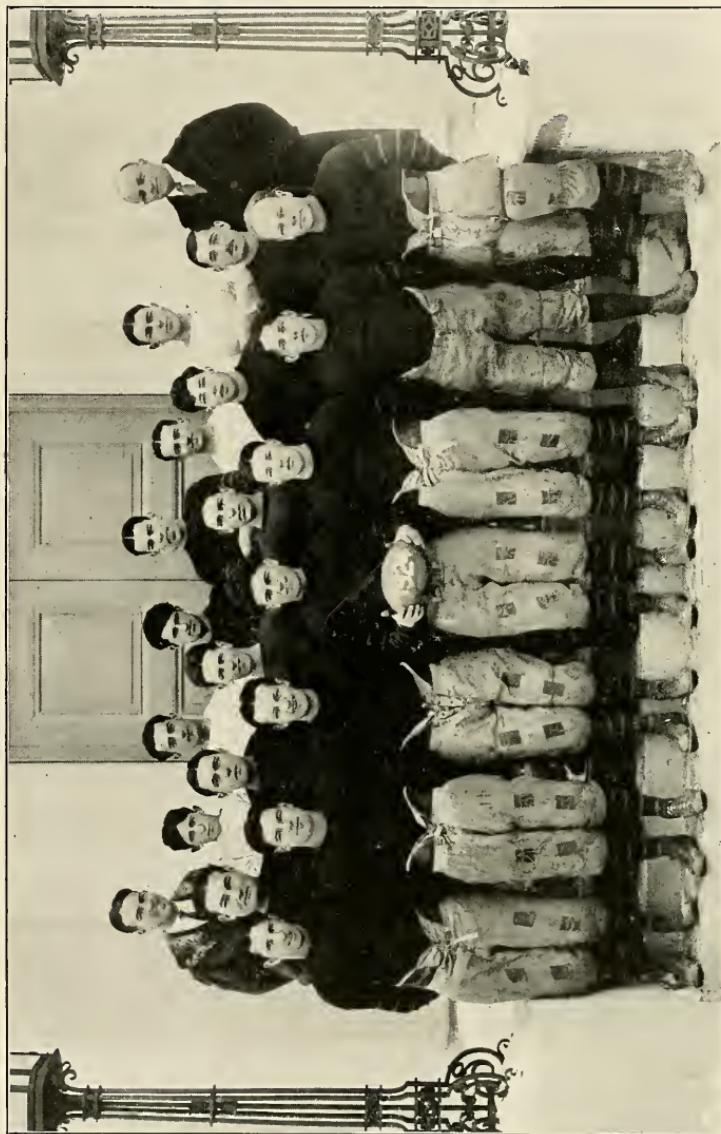
The milk production for the previous season has been above average and found a constant market in Philadelphia.

The livestock outside of a few minor set-backs is in unusually fine condition.

Much new machinery was secured in the past year, such as up-to-date potato diggers, manure spreaders, sprayers and numerous other implements.

In the Horticulture Department a bumper crop of peaches was realized. Our peaches this year were disposed of very quickly and profitably. The apple crop was below normal on account of the excessive rainfall during blossoming period.

The berry crop, especially currants



## THE FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row—Coach Rogers, L. Kaplan, H. Levin, E. Schneider, E. Elliott, J. Greenfield, R. Lev, Coach Stangle  
Middle Row—M. Goldstein, L. Blumberg, B. Walters, M. Regal, N. Brewer, L. Gottlieb  
Front Row—J. Kisber, J. Stringer, S. Horwitz, Captain Alexander, E. Gordon, L. Santoria, M. M. Cohen

and gooseberries, was abundant. They were pruned and mulched and are in tip-top shape for next season.

Tomatoes and cabbages were the outstanding crops among the vegetables, although the kitchen was bountifully supplied with rhubarb, lettuce, carrots, sweet corn, salsify, spinach and celery.

Many additions were made to the nursery, including ten thousand seedlings from the State Forestry Department.

In the Greenhouses the situation can be given in a nutshell. Each crop of flowers came into bearing right on time and was immediately harvested and marketed at top-notch prices. In addition to this, many new house plants were

propagated for the local and general market.

In the poultry department the year was started off right by a successful incubation and brood-rearing season. Broilers were in steady demand and good percentage of egg production was kept up throughout the entire year.

In conclusion it can be said that although the above report was written in an optimistic note, we feel that each preceding year has been but a step forward to bigger things and that the succeeding years shall bring with them still greater achievements — therefore the optimism.

Leon R. Blumberg



## A Glance O'er the Past In Sports

**W**ITHOUT any attempt to classify the past year as to its accomplishments, let us, however, review those events that are dear to us and which have kept us both interested and active in the out-doors.

Baseball, as is usual, inaugurated our "Athletic Year." What activity could be more fitting for a mid-summer sport?

We waged thru our season and en-

joyed it. Our stiff schedule gave us a keener interest and stronger will. We engaged in some ten or twelve games, won 50 per cent. and lost two in overtime tilts. Coach Campbell will live in our minds even as do the Connie Mack's of the game. He was with us heart and soul. "Mike" Cohien assisted him on the field as Captain of the "nine."

Those who were awarded their letters

in return for their "all" on the diamond were:

"Mike" Cohien (Capt.), ss  
"Joey" Stringer, 1b  
"Dick" Elliot, p  
"Mart" Cohien, c  
"Bozo" Alexander, 3b  
"Wop" Santoria, 2b  
Joe Kleinfeld, lf  
"Mack" Doremus, p  
Wiseman, rf  
Borushik, cf-2b  
Regal, 3b-c

Honorary F's were awarded Schneider and manager "Cop" Gottlieb. In addition to his "F," "Mike" Cohien received the small gold star that designates Captaincy. Coach Campbell was presented with a small gift by the Captain and upon the same occasion, Santoria was elected to lead the 1925 aggregation.

In the customary Freshman vs. Junior post-season classic, the Juniors upheld their dignity trouncing the Yearlings 22-2.

During the season of between and betwixt, tennis shared the limelight with the inter-club meet. Manager K. B. Mayer of the court, was always busy serving the enthusiasts in the game of 'love one'--'love all'.

In the inter-club affair the 'Tillers' captured first as a club and "Joey" Stringer as the individual high scorer. "Nat" Brewer and Max Regal were the other "lone stars" of the meet.

The warm weather gave us quite a lengthy swimming season, hence the newly christened "Laubner's Lake" was appreciated and fully utilized.

A short rest and we are headlong into the major sport of schools. Stocked with new togs and a brand new Coach we started the season with that real "up and at 'em" gridiron spirit. We won our first two games by overwhelming scores, but then we subsided, not so

much in our playing, but as far as victories were concerned. Our men coached by an able personage in Mr. Rogers and captained on the field by Alexander, surely possessed the will and fight. In the reverses that we suffered we were never disgraced, our opposition was of the classy variety and they will never forget us.

The following men are eligible for letters: Alexander (Capt.), Elliot, Stringer, Brewer, Santoria, Goldstein, Horwitz, Kline, Regal, Blumberg, Cohen, Gottlieb.

The following are in line for numerals: Borushik, Lev, Levin, Greenfield, Kaplan, Kleinfeld, Kisber, Walters.

The small gold star will be awarded to Captain Alexander, as is precedent. The students did not forget "Coach" Rogers, who was the feature of our sports and its rejuvenation. Captain Alexander presented him with a small token of our appreciation of his loyal services.

In the traditional inter-class football feud the Freshmen were treated unusually rough, suffering a 33-0 defeat.

Basketball is in full swing, we have a good quintette on the go and expect keen competition. A few games have been played, but the "court" season is still young. The men doing the "caging act" are: "Borushik, Regal, Kleinfeld, Stringer, Santoria, Schneider, Davidowitz, Horwitz, Gordon, Semel and Manager Levin.

Coach Rogers has arranged the following schedule:

- Dec. 5—Bethlehem—away.
- Dec. 12—Souderton—away.
- Dec. 22—Radnor H. S.—away.
- Dec. 26—Lansdale — away — varsity and second team.
- Jan. 2—Coatesville—away.
- Jan. 10—Doylestown—away—second team.
- Jan. 17—P. I. D.—away—varsity and second team.

Jan. 23—Northeast H. S.—away.  
Jan. 30—Moorestown, N. J.—away.  
Feb. 7—Hatfield—away.  
Feb. 14—P. I. D.—at home.

Feb. 21—Moorestown—at home.  
Feb. 27—Hatboro—away.  
Doylestown H. S. and Girard College  
pending.

## CLASS and CLUBS

M. B. SCHWARTZ '25

### The Senate's Second Year

I HAVE the honor of reviewing the achievements of the Senate of this year. I say honor because it is a record to be proud of.

There are two great outstanding achievements of the Senate. The first is that it has taught the student body how to choose a representative government, to obey its laws and to respect its judicial decisions.

The second outstanding achievement is that we, on the Senate, have been taught that a public office is a public trust and that we must forget our friends and vote against them if they are guilty. Can you imagine a fellow voting that his best friend be punished? Yes! Gentlemen, it's true.

Before I go into the concrete achievements of the Senate, let me tell you briefly what it is.

The Senate consists of three Seniors and three Juniors, elected by their respective classes. It is presided over by the President of the student body, who is elected at large. There is also a Vice President, who acts as Secretary, but has no vote. The President may vote in case of a tie.

The Senate has three functions, legislative, executive, and judicial. That is, make the laws, enforce them, and punish the guilty.

All business of the Senate falls under one of three headings: class distinction, general morals, and relations with the faculty.

For the first time class distinction has been put on a fair basis. No longer do irresponsible and sometimes brutal committees punish Freshmen without trial.

The one detail system stands out as the greatest innovation ever attempted by any student government of Farm School and after four months' trial is acclaimed as a success.

The Senate has constantly watched out for the welfare of the student body; always jumping in and doing things when needed.

Senate law has been very strictly enforced on an impartial basis.

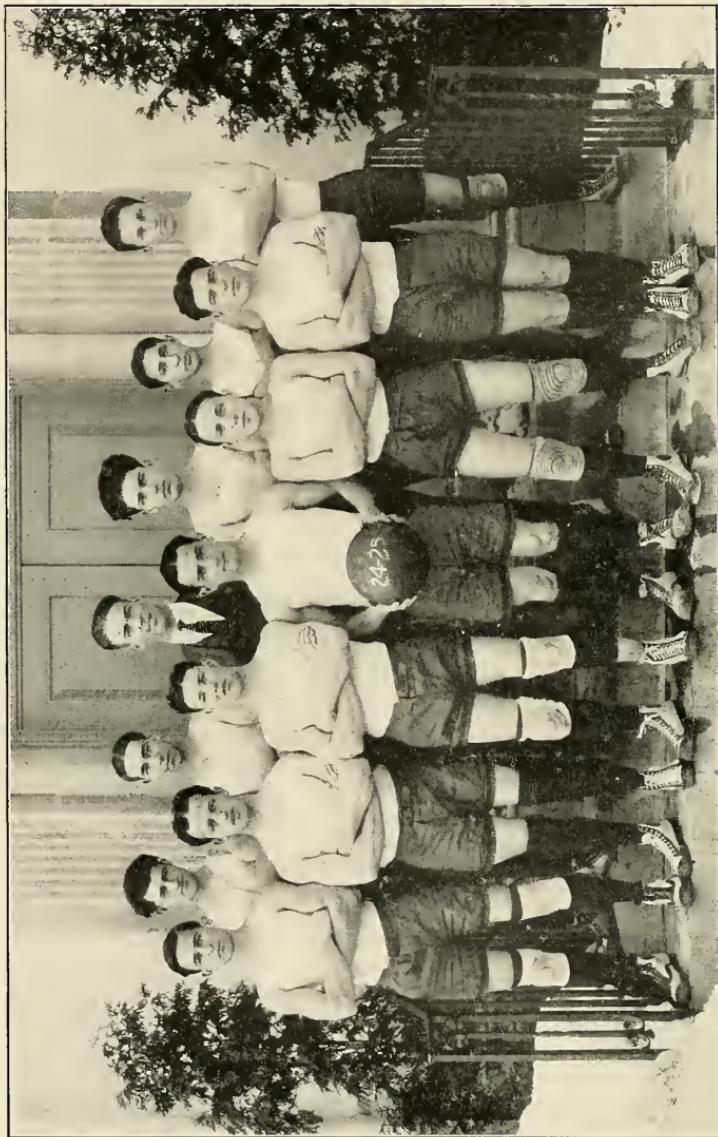
As for our relations with the Faculty, they are excellent. This is shown by the fact that everything asked of the Faculty has been granted.

Not detracting a bit from the marvelous leadership of Sam Rosenau, I think the record this year would not have been so good if it wasn't for the foundation laid down by the last Senate under the leadership of S. Cahan.

This year the Senate gained prestige and was able to accomplish many things.

The new Senate will have to work very hard to keep up with the record of its brilliant predecessors.

M. S. '26



## THE BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row—E. Schneider, S. Sennel, Coach Rogers, M. Regal, J. Davidowitz, J. Kleinfield  
Front Row—S. Borushik, S. Horwitz, E. Gordon, Hy. Levin (Manager), L. Santoria, J. Stringer

## The Literary Society

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The Literary Society in the past has never been what one could call a huge success. But starting out as we are this year, with a clean slate, an abundance of talent, and above all, the determination to put it across big, we feel sure it will prove more profitable and entertaining than ever before.

Through the inspiration of Coach Rogers and the vigor of the entertainment committee, programs are being worked out that can be looked to with pleasure and looked back upon with the satisfaction of time well spent.

If you are called upon to take part, respond with celerity, put into it your best effort for the benefits in the end are yours alone.

Among those members of the entertainment committee who will take part in the first program are S. Colton (President of the Society), H. Fishstein and E. Wilson.

W. R. Powel '27, Sec'y

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## The Orchestra

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Probably one of the most pressing needs of the student body in 1923, was social activities. It was impossible for us to have many dances with the expense of hiring an outside orchestra. Of course, there were always talented boys in the school who could entertain on one instrument or another, but never enough to compose an orchestra.

However, with the advent of Hy Levin, in '23, it seemed as though we ought to be able to assemble enough accompaniment around his piano to form a harmonious whole.

Our dreams were realized in a few weeks after continuous practicing, under the leadership of the gifted Irving Victor, whose fiddle has a natural ability to make your feet restless, and who

could resist stepping out when "Goldy" Goldstein started to roll those drums. Sambo Rosenau, the Pensacola Saxophone artist, added his talent to Lou Rummel's Clarinet and Joe Kleinfeld's banjo and within a month nine-tenths of the students were dance crazy. The boys who couldn't dance took advantage of the nightly practices to learn.

Since then we have had dances almost every month in the summer and several through the winter. Our banquets have been enlivened with jazz music, as well as our Saturday night suppers occasionally. Sunday night movies and assemblies in addition to all its activities in the school, the orchestra has played at many outside functions, Neshaminy and Warrington among them. It will play at the Senior Dance in the Doylestown Armory next month.

We lost Victor thru graduation last year, but have found an able successor in Regal, and have passed thru a very successful year under Hy Levin's leadership. The addition of Walter Huff has increased the value of our Clarinet department considerably.

Although we will lose Goldstein and Rosenau this year, we already have a drummer in Lou Santoria, who has been assisting Goldy from the start.

So we are all set for 1925, boys. Don't be afraid to invite your best girl.

J. M. K. '26

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## Library Notes

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The inquiry, when will we move the books into the new library has at last had its final answer.

February 10th, Mr. Mayer, the head of the Floricultural Department, and his Freshmen boys, with the aid of Mr. Rogers, coach and social director, hustled the five thousand volumes from the Chemical Laboratory to the Classic Building to be their future home.

The books were hurriedly placed on

## Gleaner

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the shelves to make ready for the opening, Friday evening.

General Works are arranged systematically in two sections on the left hand side of the door.

The few volumes on Philosophy are in their section, but need better organization.

The books on Religion will be properly catalogued so that the readers may find any book he wants without difficulty.

Sociology comprises a much larger collection of books since the Chamber of Commerce at Washington has contributed so generously to our library, a number of instructive reports from the Interior Department.

Philology occupies the next section. It has a limited number of books, as the textbooks belong to the Academic Department and are kept in a book room in Ullman Hall.

Natural Science has a much larger family than the former subjects. These books are studied by the boys who are in pursuit of technical knowledge, and really are anxious to meet requirements for promotion.

Under Useful Arts the library contains many interesting works, especially Agricultural subjects. These shelves are visited by those who have come to the school for a purpose and intend to reach the goal in three years.

Fine Arts is another small collection of books. This is owing probably to the fact that those subjects have not been required in the school.

Literature, the largest family of the nine, contains books most frequently asked for, therefore they have the greatest circulation of all classes. This collection is placed on shelves in the gallery and the reader must climb a winding iron staircase if he must read fiction. At present the visitor will search with difficulty for the book wanted. He will find Shakespeare and Jack London resting side by side on a shelf.

History, Biography, Geography and Travel comprise interesting reading. Many works of noted historians rest on the shelves of this section. Biography of widely known men and women will interest both young and old. Readers may sit in the comfortable chairs and journey through home and foreign lands with distinguished travelers.

The library will soon be classified by the Dewey Decimal System, then our readers will enjoy convenience.

All in attendance Friday evening, January sixteenth, will long remember the opening of this splendid edifice, The Dr. Krauskopf Memorial Library. Addresses made by Mr. Allman, Mr. Hodges and Dr. Ostrolenk, with singing by the school interested the audience.

The students showed their appreciation of this stately building which has been given to The National Farm School for their use by full attendance on the seventeenth and eighteenth to study and read.

I feel honored to be the first librarian of this beautiful structure, which is a lasting memorial to the school's great founder.

Rebecca Churchman, Librarian.

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## The Nightingales

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The Glee Club, or as generally known, the Nightingales, were organized in November by Mrs. Ostrolenk. Many fellows reported for the first few practices, but they soon diminished to the following: Mayer, Fishstein, L. Blumberg, A. T. Cohen, L. Kline, Rosenthal, Klienfeld, M. Snyder, Wilson, S. Katz, Powel, Huff, Walters and Levin.

On Tuesday and Wednesday nights we hold practice. We have learned the following songs: Pilgrim's Chorus, Blue Danube, All Through the Night, Kentucky Babe, The Lord Is Great, and Praise Ye the Father. Having sung the Pilgrim's Chorus at Chapel.

Mrs. Groman has greatly assisted us by playing the piano.

Watch for our Big Concert.

A. T. C. '26



M. B. SCHWARTZ, Editor

## I

In the year 19,250 A. P., I, together with a band of other archeologists set out upon an expedition of research. This expedition was sponsored by a society of International Scientists who had come upon, by accident, some knowledge of a long extinct race of people. The only knowledge they had of this ancient race was that the Males were called Sheiks, and the Females, Flappers. Also that they existed in an age of hitherto unheard of vice, crime and corruption; gleaned from an ancient and age-dimmed manuscript which had been found by one of their explorers in a sand hill on the island of Jazaria. This time-worn pamphlet, besides containing a queer writing which, after much labor, they deciphered, had an inscription on its cover which read "Hot Dog"! It contained many pictures of queer looking people. What they considered to be the male of the specie were dressed in long garments of many colored and hairy substances, not unlike the skins of wild animals. They wore upon their lower extremities shiny casements. Their heads were encased in a queer flat covering similar to dishpans and from their lips protruded small, round whitish protuberances from which vapors were apparently being emitted.

## II

What they thought were the Females, were dressed in tight-fitting garments which enveloped their bodies from neck to knees and showed them to have beautiful forms. They wore nothing upon their heads. This probably was because upon their heads grew abundant masses of wavy silk-like substance which was chopped short so as to expose that portion of the body which upheld the head. They also wore upon their feet shiny casements not unlike to those worn by the Males, but different in shape and being set upon long, slim stilts. The portion of their bodies between the feet and knees gave the learned men much cause for heated discussions. Some said these lower parts of the body were covered with a filmy, gauzy material while others claimed they were entirely bare.

These few and brief discoveries led to the development of a great interest and desire for more knowledge of these long-forgotten people. It was therefore for the purpose of making new discoveries that would cast more light upon this interesting subject that this expedition, of which I was the leader, set forth.

After due preparations had been completed, our conveyance mounted into the air and was off. For several days we floated thru space and finally landed upon a vast island which from our charts

proved to be Jazzaria, and our destination.

### III

The mechanicians unpacked and set together our land conveyors. Then we each provided ourselves with a vial of stimulant for the body and were off.

For several days we traveled hither and thither in search of promising signs in the vegetation or sands. Things did not look promising for awhile and there was talk of going back; but one day as we were about to give up hope, a member of the party stumbled upon a conical-shaped stone. Feverishly we dug and uncovered it. It was about three feet in height and bore an inscription upon one side. All of us having learned to decipher the symbols, we were able to trace out the faint words, Bucks County. With this discovery to urge us on, we searched and dug eagerly and when we were about ready to give up, another of the members fell upon a petrified piece of wood projecting from the sand. There was more hurried digging and finally another similar projection was discovered. When both were sufficiently uncovered, it was found that they rested upon a platform of flat overlapping slates, and between them was stretched a wire. More digging revealed the platform to be a roof of some edifice. We were now on the road to great discoveries and our zeal was great. For many days we dug and cleared the debris until finally as a reward for our labors, we had uncovered a great building. An edifice that was punctured by windows and whose walls were made of reddish rectangles that showed here and there beneath a covering of rough whitish plaster.

A few more days and the entire structure was uncovered, exposing to us three entrances. Above the center entrance in the same writing were the words—Ullman Hall! We made ready and entered with the idea of starting from the bottom and exploring upward. We first

descended into a large, long hallway. Its walls were broken here and there by doors. Upon one of these doors was beautifully painted the words, "The Gleaner Editorial Room." This was indeed a discovery.

Presumably it was the office of a publication of some sort. We therefore forced the door and entered. Upon illuminating the place we beheld a most marvellous scene.

In the room was a large case containing many books and manuscripts. About the walls were shelves containing more manuscripts; but the center of the room was what claimed our attention most. There was a long table surrounded by many chairs. Lo! and behold! in one of these chairs sat the skeleton of one of these ancient peoples. It was leaning over the table and perusing a small pamphlet which had upon it little checker-like boxes. In his hand was a long, slender, pointed tool, presumably used for making these ancient figures, and before him, on the table, lay an immense pile of tablets of curious color and design. It was one of these pamphlets that drew our attention most after we had finished examining the skeleton. This was held in his left hand and the digit finger was supporting a page which on examination, read as follows:

"Onas, Girls, how do you do it? Your paper is a model for all of us, especially the exchange and literary departments. Of all our exchanges, we have received the most lasting ideals from you. It is indeed a revelation and we are proud to have you with us."

"Mount Airy World," you have indeed been our staunchest friend on the gridiron and diamond and it behoves us to say that this spirit will continue. Your magazine is a true criterion of diligent labor."

"Optimist," we feel that your paper comes nearest to a college standard. Best of all are your cuts and cartoons. We want to see you oftener.

"'The Torch,' we cannot fully express our wholesome appreciation of your periodical. To say it is good, even very good, would be miserably insufficient. Although seemingly limited to space, your literary department is a cracker-jack, but why not have more cuts to lend variety?"

After examining the other pamphlets we recognized the aforementioned and also the following:

The High School Record, On Bounds, The Perkiomenite, The Gopher Countryman, Elm Tribune, The Mirror, The Archive, Southron, Cliveden, College and State, M. A. C. Record, Tech Tatler, The Brown and White, Senior Review, The Archive, The Portlight, Blue and Gray, Blue Bird, Piper, The High School,

Junto, Tuskegee Student, Science and Craft, Magpie, Belfrey Owl, Vanguard, Elchanite, The Lore, The Furrow, and still a great many others too numerous to mention.

Recognizing an important discovery, we proceeded to explore the remaining rooms, but to our dismay, found them in utter ruin. Still, what with our enlightening discovery of their literature we were positive of finding clues to their Science and Art.

Every one being satisfied with our historical and Scientific explorations and discoveries, we proceeded to start for home to show our people what treasures we had found. On a sunny day four months after our lucky arrival we again set off into the air and steered for home. Elated? You bet!

## CAMPUS NEWS

MATTHEW SNYDER '26, Editor  
REPORTERS

SOLIS GALOB '26  
RAYMOND LEV '27

MARTIN ROSENTHAL '26  
WILLIAM WOLFSON '27

## Literary Society Shows Its Stuff

LITERARY SOCIETY held its first showing Sunday night, January 25, in Segal Hall. It was a tremendous success, especially for the little time given for preparation.

The orchestra just peped the students up.

Mr. Colton, president, gave a short talk, on the future success of the society.

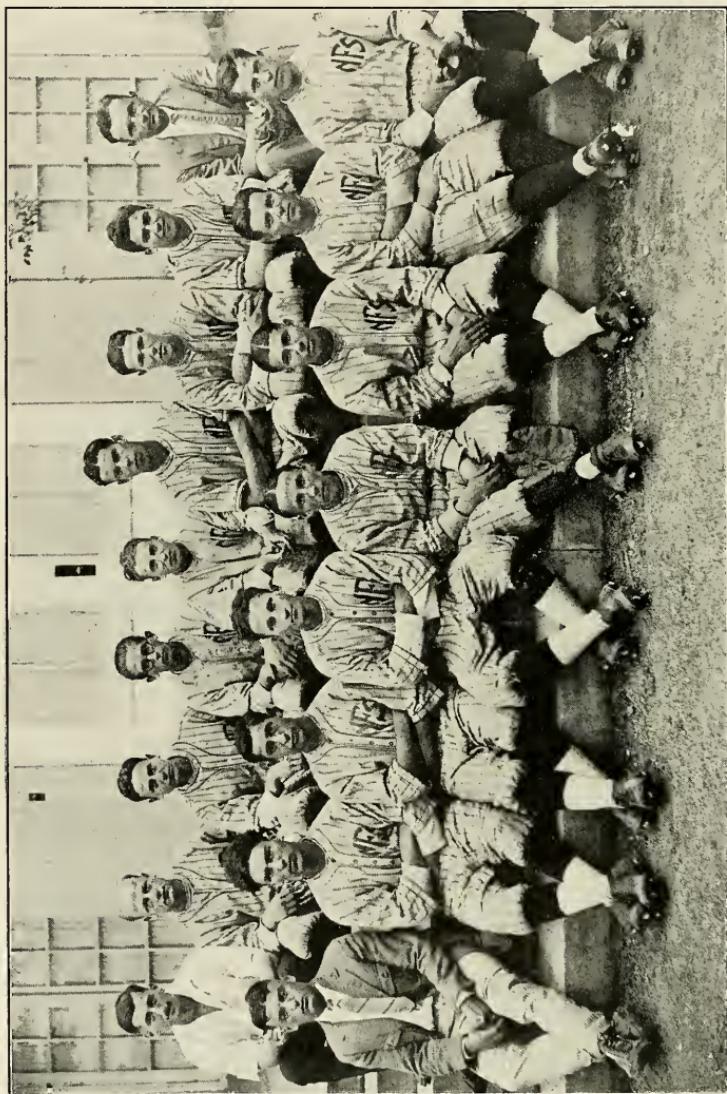
The entertainment then started with Mr. Snyder reading a poem, written by Ween, on an episode of the life of our famous leader, Mr. Levin. There was much applause.

Mr. Friefield next, gave an exhibition of soft shoe dancing with the piano as an accompaniment.

A very comical sketch headed by Mr. Fishstein was a huge success and much credit must be given him and his company.

This was followed by the quartet, Huff Brothers, Walters and Silver, rendering us a few ballads, which were very good, considering the little practice they had together.

Mr. Blumberg '25, headliner of the evening, gave a very interesting talk on



THE BASEBALL TEAM  
Back Row—Gottlieb (Manager), M. M. Cohen (Captain), Borushik, Abelson, Elliott, Gordon, Alexander,  
Coach Campbell

Front Row—Coach Samuels, Regal, Davidowitz, Kleinfeld, Santoria, Wiseman, Stringer, Doremus

the life sketch of Mark Twain. He put it over so good that he actually held the students' attention throughout and kept them laughing, after which he held a general discussion with the students on some anecdotes of Mark Twain's life, which many took part in.

The meeting then ended with some constructive criticism from Coach Rogers which were very few and very encouraging.

Hy's Aggie Collegiate Serenaders then kept the spirit going by some understandable music.

Louis Santoria '26

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## The Forum Opens With a Bang

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The student body feels a deep gratitude to Miss Manners for a wonderful evening's entertainment, and for the lasting benefits derived from her inspiring readings. Although we have been honored by many addresses from distinguished personages never before have we been shown, so beautifully, how to get the truly worth-while things out of literature.

Miss Manners has made a profound impression on us and it is our earnest desire to be a part of her audience soon again.

J. M. K. '26

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## Dr. W. E. Taylor

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There is an adage, I believe, to the effect that the anticipation of an event is productive of more joy than the actual realization. But there are exceptions to most every rule, and this was, indeed a most notable one. While the memory of his previous visit still lingered in my mind, and I looked forward with the greatest pleasure to his coming visit, nothing can express the feelings that coursed through me when I beheld him once again. Momentarily I forgot where

I was, as my eyes followed his every move, as my brain thirsted for a fraction. Oh! the minutest fraction of the knowledge that is his. What he would say; the message he had come to deliver, mattered little. The prime factor was that he was here.

And then he spoke. I hung on every word for fear that I would lose the weight of its significance. Facts he knew, but what was more, he knew how to use them. Vision! Ah, that is the word. And Inspiration. The vision and inspiration to carry on in Agriculture. From the moment that first you saw him you knew that here was a man who was truly a son of the soil, imbued with the broad vision and inspiration of the success of agriculture. And fired with a sincerity of purpose that swept all before it. And yet, behind it all, was the man, sparkling of eye, and silvery-tongued, and with that seemingly uncanny ability to bridge the gap and to convey his message with precision and exactness.

I am thankful, and happy. Thankful to Dr. Taylor for the most wonderful lecture, but what is worth infinitely more to me, for the inspiration to carry on.

I am happy in the thought that once more have I seen, and heard, the source of my inspiration.

M. Grossfield '26,  
Krauskopf Memorial Library,  
January 26, 1925.

(Dr. W. E. Taylor is the head of the Soil Culture Department of the John Deere Plow Co., Moline, Ill., and the active head of 34 farms located in every section of the East.)

## A Dream Come True

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Our illustrious founder's dream of many years was at last realized when the Joseph Krauskopf Memorial Library was formally opened Friday evening, January 16, 1925.

The speakers of the evening were Mr. Allman, chairman of the Building Committee, hearty devotee of the school, and our old friend, Mr. Hodges, who is one of the editors of the North American.

Mr. Allman related how the school was founded; how from the thirty-five hundred dollars that we started with, our founder and the Board made it grow into over a million dollars. He told how when we first started we had only Pioneer Hall; later a few more buildings were added and even up to seven years ago we didn't have one modern building like those we now boast of and of the new building plan which has given us Lasker Hall, Ullman Hall, the Library and Dairy Barn, which is under construction now.

Much credit should be given to our able and devoted friend, who is giving so much of his time and means for us—"Mr. Allman."

Mr. Hodges delivered one of the most interesting orations heard at Farm School for some time. He told us of the most impressive address he had ever heard, delivered by the late David Lubin, in Farm School several years ago. He also spoke about the importance of Agriculture to the United States and stated that the future of our government depends largely upon our farmers getting the maximum production per acre.

The description of libraries in general related by Mr. Hodges is one that will not soon be forgotten. It told us how a library is a place where wealth, fame, popularity, space and time are all bridged and the great masters are put into intimate personal contact with us.

I am sure that if we have more speakers of this caliber and standing the success of the Forum is certain.

Martin Rosenthal '26

---

E. Katz says that he likes Steinman because he never speaks a hasty word.

## The Life of Lincoln

Lincoln was born in the 18th Century. He spent the early days of his life as a small child. It was not 'til several years later that he grew up and became a successful young man. He got married ten years later. In his old age he died, leaving behind him many wonder books. The best being an Autobiography of his life.—Taylor.

---

Asher—"Speaking of insects, how are your aunts?"

Bozo—"Speaking of insects, how are you?"

---

Asch—"Who do you think you are, making such noise eating soup—a Colorado geyser?"

Cherry—"No, I'm a Freshman guy sir."

---

Sunday School Teacher—"Was Adam the first man?"

Wise Youngster—"Nothing previous."

---

Hardiman—"Stick your shirt in."

Snake Eye—"Won't stay. It's my work shirt."

H.—"Whaddya mean, work shirt?"

Snake Eye—"Keeps workin' up over the back of my trousers."

---

Santoria—"How did you become such a wonderful orator?"

Grossfield—"I began by addressing envelopes."

---

Goldy—"Pardon me, may I have this dance?"

She—"No, I'm danced out."

Goldy—"You're not too damed stout. You just pleasingly plump."

---

First Senior—"What are you going to do after you graduate?"

Second Ditto—"Oh! I am going to handle real estate."

First Ditto—"Sell it?"

Second Ditto—"No, dig it."

## HINTS ON ETIQUETTE

From  
Teetsies Book

### Chapter I

#### How to Cut Your Meat

Tools—A cross-cut saw, a sharp ax, a pair of pliers, a small knife and a fork.

The meat comes to you via the tannery, otherwise known as the kitchen. You politely ask for the meat. The fellow at the head of the table will ask you if your arm is broke? Take this hint and extend your boarding house reach and grab the meat. Set it gently on your plate. Make sure the finished surface is up. Take your saw and saw off a small portion. Split it in two with your ax. Cut into minute particles with your small knife and proceed to eat them with your fork. Greatest care should be taken when you handle your ax. It takes long years of practice to become a polished artist.

Teetsie '26

### The End of the Month

I hate the darn end of the month,  
With exams to prepare for tomorrow.  
What history I know wouldn't fill half a page,  
And Chemistry, gosh! that spells "sorrow."

Here I am at the end of the month,  
With a letter from Olga to answer  
And Betty and Mary, I must write them now,  
Or I'm sure their affections they'll transfer.

Whenever the end of the month  
Comes around, gee, I know it means trouble,  
For I've dreamed thru it all, putting everything  
off,  
Those quizzes will puncture my bubble.

Here it is now, the end of the month,  
There's a book on "Macbeth" to be read.  
Shall I write to Elaine or brush up on my notes?  
Oh the h—l with it all—there's my bed.

S. Galob '26

### "Ode to Hy", or "The Cattle's Christmas"

#### INTRODUCTION

Gentle reader, listen, to the tale I have to tell,  
Of a noble youth who rose and fell,  
And if some here should become offended,  
Remember, there was no harm intended.

Half a measure! Half a measure!  
Half a measure more  
Up and back! Up and back!  
'Til his feet were sore.

### II

The youth kept feeding all the while  
And had before each cow a pile.  
The cows he was to feed and feed  
For thus the chart to him did read.

### III

His was not to reason why,  
His was not to make reply,  
The cows he tho't must eat or die.

### IV

'Till Herr Laubner, the keeper of the farm,  
Spied the toiler, and fearing for his cows some  
harm,  
Stopt the feeder and to him said, "Gott un  
Himmel!  
Vot hev you to mine cows fed?"

### V

The milkers all around,  
With dire tales did abound,  
Of cattle long since dead,  
From having been overfed.

### VI

The youth's face grew wan and pale  
As the workers told their tale.  
Where the trouble lay he wondered,  
For he realized he had blundered.

Sam Horwitz '26

### Our Orchestra

Listen, my children, and yell hurrah!  
For Farm School's greatest orchestra,  
'Twas in the spring of '23  
When a great thought came over me,  
So I lied myself to Mr. Victor  
And said, "Though I'm no predictor,  
Still I think, with the material on hand,  
We should have a pretty good band."  
And so we started off with a crash  
To gather the fellows who had a dash  
Of musical ability somewhere in them stored,  
And told them they must play for their Board.  
So, although at first it was quite a bore  
To practice each night two hours or more,  
Now, at last, we have achieved renown  
As the greatest orchestra in this here town.

Joseph Kleinfeld '26

Edna—"How do I look?"

Dumbness—"Sweet enough to kiss."

Edna—"Aw—go on."

## N. F. S. Recommends Mr. Bailey

During the past year Farm School underwent many changes; notable among them the reconstruction of Segal Hall and the installation of the new sewage system. While our Board of Directors is responsible for these projects still much credit is to be given Mr. Baily, the construction man under whose care and management Segal Hall became an up-to-date school building; the sewage system was installed (and it, too, is up-to-the-minute), and who is now engaged in reconstructing the old Pennsylvania Hall into a modern dormitory building. The National Farm School recommends Mr. Bailey highly.

## Our Faculty

Mr. Plain—Slap 'em in and see what happens.  
Mr. Groman—When I was P. G.—  
Mr. Ostrolenk—But my dear Villain.  
Mr. Boswell—By Gad! That's a peach.  
Mr. Purnell—Prun the shutts.  
Mr. Kraft—Now, MY son Chester.....  
Mr. Schmieder—A scientific frame of mind—  
Mr. Massinger—Get the point.  
Mr. Marks—If you want it, you'll get it.



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Mr. Laubner—Ho! Boyala.

Mr. Campbell—There's too much breakage going on.

Mr. Rogers—Ride 'em Cowboy.

Mr. Mayer—When I was a student.....

Miss Churchman—Now Laddie.

Miss Gross—Maybe they were worn out?

Paul Bunyan

## Things We'll Never Hear Again!

I'm bigger'n that girl.

Sasa honey.

Say, listen, guy.

From the halls of Montezuma.....

R-a-a-a-y.

Quorum Respondent.

Looka yeah man.

Oh! Bessie.

Who's monitor anyway?

The Gleaner needs money—Ma-a-a.

Hey, Bill! I gotta skunk!

Geel! I'm getting muscle bound.

Is my tie fixed right?

Why don't you fast?

Paul Bunyan

## The Bests of the Year

Best Looking	Walters—
	His only rival—Stoney
Best Dressed	M. Schwartz—
	His only rival—Jr. Blunder
Best Dancer	J. Kisber—
	His only rival—Gook
Best Sleeper	Fairy—
	His only rival—Grossfield
Best Student	S. Colton—
	His only rival—Yonkel
Best Athlete	Alexander—
	His only rival—Asher
Best Smoker	Goldstein—
	His only rival—Asch
Best Worker	N. Brewer—
	His only rival—Mart
Best Eater	Blunder—
	His only rival—Blunder
Best Reader	Green—
	His only rival—Cherry
Best Singer	S. Katz—
	His only rival—Ween
Best Teamster	M. Schwartz—
	His only rival—Miller

# Gleaner

Best Milker	Kapler—
	His only rival—The Milking Machine
Best Spender	Rosenau—
	His only rival—Rubin
Best Talker	Wiseman—
	His only rival—Peskin
Best Hiker	Buddy—
	His only rival—Luke
Best Feeder	Hy Levin—
	His only rival—Jumbo

A. T. Cohen '26

## What They Want to Be?      What They Will Be!

Mart Cohen, a physical culturist	Bald headed
Blumberg, a translator	An anarchist
Rosenau, married	Only a best man
Green, a genius	Hungry
Luke Gottlieb, an animal trainer	A barber
Mayer, an educator	A derelict
Elfrey, a dairyman	Another hecker
Rabinowitz, a famous novelist	A book agent
Dorell, an actor	A teamster
Mike Cohen, a Beau Brummel	Father of a large family
Kapler, an orator	Just Mickey
Alexander—God knows	Guess again
Schwartz, a pirate	A Mormon
Cop Gottlieb, a poultryman	A bigamist
Brown, a farm hand	The Arrow collar model
Rinenberg, an editor	A newsboy
Finklestein, a Floriculturist	A globe trotter
Goldstein, a "perfect 36"	A jockey
Schneider, a screen lover	A perfume salesman

Paul Bunyan

## "Why I'm Not a Merit Student"

or

## "What's the Use"

Scene—Room 50.

Time—Study Period (any night).

(Curtain rises with Galob seated at table, chemistry book open before him. Ween, his roommate at other side of table, deeply engrossed in a cross-word puzzle.)

Galob—"I've gone far enough with

this cross-word puzzle business. From now on I'm really going to study and nothing shall interfere. They can't tempt me anymore!"

Buries eyes in book.

Ween (after few moment's silence)—"What's a four-letter word meaning 'Inferno'?"

Galob—"Aw, Hell, didn't I—"

Ween (excitedly)—"That's it, that's it (writing) H-E-L-L."

Once more silence reigns. In a few moments a knock is heard at the door. Enter Harry Semel.

Semel—"Listen, Solis, do me a favor?"

Galob—"Well, what is it?"

Semel—"Give me an eight-letter word which means 'rising.' "

(Galob, his patience exhausted, bounces a book on Semel's head and throws him out of room.)

Semel (outside, feeling bump on his head)—"Hurray! That's the word! 'Swelling.' "

(His voice dies off in distance. Galob returns to table. He spies a checker board and throws it out of window with an oath. Once more buries nose in book. Another knock at the door which opens, the head of John Simons comes in, dragging the rest of his body behind.)

Simons—"Say, Solis, got anything to read?"

Galob (impatiently)—"No."

Simons—"Anything to eat?"

Galob (angrily)—"No."

Simons—"How about some tobacco?"

(Simons sees murderous look in Galob's eyes and withdraws quickly, closing door with a bang. By this time Galob is too far gone and studying is out of the question. Sits on bed with head in hands. Door opens again and Mr. Rogers appears on tour of inspection.)

Mr. Rogers—"Galob, why aren't you studying? It's no wonder you flunked last month. It's the same thing over and over—."

(Galob jumps to feet, foaming at the mouth and falls to floor with a shriek.)

Curtain

## The Sun. of '25

Rosenau from the southland hails,  
He made quite a hit with northern frails,  
Of our Senate and Council he took charge,  
We're sure sorry to lose you, old pard.

Old "Bozo" threw a mean forward pass,  
One of the best players in his class,  
Of pretty girls he was quite shy,  
I believe he blushed when they passed him by.

One of "Twenty-Five," a great coach some day,  
His name is "Fats" Goldstein, by the way,  
Girls he loved, of them he talked,  
One would think they followed him where e'er  
he walked.

The Champion Talker of the class,  
One who's quite full of hot gas,  
Some day he'll make an orator fine,  
I mean old Abie Finklestein.

The baseball captain, M. E. Cohen,  
Certainly possesses a mean, swift fling,  
He accents each word with a nod of his head,  
As if it were important what he said.

In their class is a money shark,  
For him making money is quite a lark,  
From the money he made he should be a duke,  
I guess you know I'm referring to Luke.

One is possessed of a talented pen,  
And this to the "Gleaner" did he it lend,  
For his efforts we made him Editor in Chief,  
Harry, old boy, we lose "ou with grief.

Martin Rosenthal '26

How sad it is to sit and pine,  
A long half hour before we dine;  
Upon our watches oft to look,  
Then wonder at the clock and cook.

A. L. Zolotor '27

Charleston—"I've just been reading about  
the Roman prisoners, I'll bet they were  
a tough bunch."

Wechsler—"How zat?"

Charleston—"Yep, it says here that  
they paddled the Roman Galleys."

Blumberg—"What is a fool?"

Professor—"Long ago some one said,  
'He is a fool who asks more questions  
than a hundred wise men can answer.'

Blumberg—(triumphantly)—"Now I  
know why we flunk so many exams."

Reds Elfry says: "The main difference  
between a girl chewing her gum and a  
cow chewing her cud is that the cow  
generally looks thoughtful."

Wop—"Some of our candidates for  
short-stop remind one of the Ancient  
Mariner."

Galook—"How zat?"

Wop—"He stoppeth one of three."

Visitor—"How many men in the  
freshmen class this year?"

Green—"Oh! about two."

Visitor—"Is that all?"

Green—"Well, the rest will grow up  
some day."

Kisber—The ham in this sandwich is  
awful thin."

Sunday Night Waiter—"Can't help it  
the guy that cut that ham used to make  
cigarette papers out of calling cards."

Mutt—"I've lived on vegetables for two  
years."

Schwartz—"That's nothing, I've lived  
on earth for 19 years."

Prof.—"Does my question embarrass  
you?"

Yonk—(dazed)—"Not at all sir, the  
question is perfectly clear; its the an-  
swer that's puzzling me."

Kapler wants to know if cream that  
is stolen from the dairy is called vanishing  
cream.

"I thank you for the flowers you sent,"  
she said.

And she smiled and blushed and  
drooped her head,

"I'm sorry for the words I spoke last  
night—

Forgive me."

He forgave her.

And as they walked and talked beneath  
the bowers,

He wondered who on earth had sent  
those flowers.

# Gleaner

Archy—"What's your room mate like?"

Divy—"Every thing I got."

'27—"What do you think of my last joke?"

Campus News Ed—"Darn glad to know it's your last."

Sam—"Hey, waiter, what's the idea of wiping my plate with your handkerchief?"

Wolfson—"Oh! that's all right, I don't mind, you see its a dirty one."

Her lips said, "Yes,"

Her eyes said, "No,"

But which one lied,  
I'd like to know.

Dedicated to Satchel and Helen.

Wilson—"Yes, the French people sleep with their stock."

Wiseman—"It must be Standard Oil."

Wiseberg—"Did you hear about it? Two men fell off a ten story building and neither one was injured."

Semel—"How come?"

Wiseberg—"They were both killed."

First Greek—"Vot do de cows sleep on?"

Second Greek—"Fodder."

First Greek—"Who's fodder?"

Jumbo—"Can you dance?"

Galook—"Half way."

Jumbo—"Howz that?"

Galook—"I can hold on but I can't move my feet."

Dentist—"Pardon me, just a moment I must have a drill."

Froggy—"Darn it! Can't I have my tooth filled without a rehearsal?"

If every woman's face is her fortune some would be arrested for counterfeiting.

Kahn—"Have you improved your riding lately?"

Nate—"No not exactly, I would say I've fallen off quite a bit."

## GREENHOUSE FOLLIES

Scene: Greenhouse.

Time: Any Detail.

### ACT I.

Curtain rises: Harry Rabinowitz, Asher Finklestein, Joe Kleinfeld and Teetsie Cohen come rushing down to detail.

Rabinowitz bawls Asher out for drowning a dead Carnation. Asher says Koddish for it and all work stops. The carnation is given a Yiddish funeral, while the cat furnishes the music.

Curtain drops.

### ACT II.

Kleinfeld has been packing carnations when Teetsie tells him that there's a letter for him down in the Post-Office. Joe quits work and runs faster than Prince (our famous racing stallion) for his letter.

Teetsie starts to finish packing the flowers. His mind seems to be on some fair damsel and the flowers get maltreated. Harry Rabinowitz smells trouble and finds it. A size nine boot is swiftly placed on Teetsie's pants. The flowers are repacked.

Kleinfeld comes in all excited. His sweet Mamma has written to him. He tells us about her baby blue eyes, her brown hair, and that skin you love to touch.

We see he is hopeless, and we take turns hitting him with flower pots. Joe falls in a heap, and—

Curtain drops.

Teetsie '26

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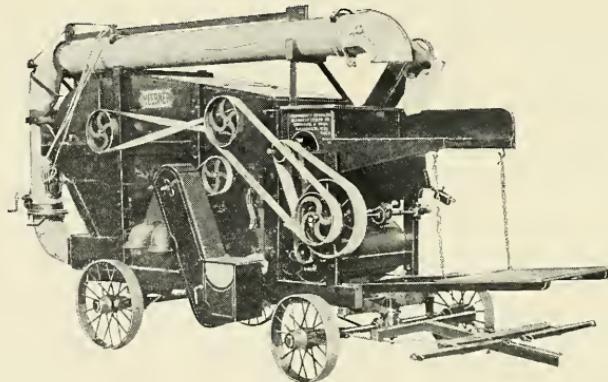
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